

No. 1146.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1849.

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JAMES HOLMES, YORK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS.—The SESSION will
commence on **TUESDAY NEXT**, the 16th instant, at Three
o'clock p.m. precisely, with an **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE**, by
Dr. **WILLIAMSON**, Professor of Chemistry.
ALEXANDER J. SCOTT, A.M. Dean of the Faculty.
CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
October 11, 1848.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
MINERALOGY.—Mr. CHAPMAN'S COURSE will consist of about Eighteen Lectures, to be delivered on **MONDAYS and FRIDAYS**, from three-quarters to One to three-quarters to Two, commencing on Friday, 19th of October.—Fee, 1*s*. 10*d*.
ALEX. J. SCOTT, A.M. Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
CHARLES C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
October 11, 1849.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—Professor GALLAGA will commence his course of LECTURES on Italian Literature on **Wednesday, 10th October.** Three p.m., by an **INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE** on 'The New Interest accruing to the Study of Modern Language, History and Literature, in consequence of Recent Events.' Lectures—**Language, Tuesday, 16th, Friday, 19th, and Tuesday, 23rd; Junior Class, 3 to 4 p.m.; Literature, same days, 1 to 2 p.m.**
ALEX. J. SCOTT, A.M. Dean of the Faculty of Arts.
JOHN C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.
 October 11, 1888.

TWO GENTLEMEN, one a B.A. of Cambridge, having their Evenings at liberty, are desirous of undertaking some kind of LITERARY EMPLOYMENT, such as the Translation of a French or German Work. Address P. Q. R. Mrs Moore's Circulating Library, Lisson-grove.

WALWORTH LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—The LECTURE SESSION will commence on TUESDAY, the 16th of October, and continue weekly.—The First Series, extending to the end of the year, will embrace the following Subjects:—The Intellectual Faculties, by Dr. Canton—Chemistry, by Dr. Letheby—The British Poets, by C. Gordon Clarke, Esq.—Music, by H. Phillips, Esq.—Popular Proverbs, by G. Dawson, Esq. A. M.—Solar Light, by R. Hunt Esq.—Subscription 10s. per annum. S. GOLDENBRET, U.S.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION. 17, Edwards Street, Portman Square.—The LECTURES ARE RESUMED on MONDAY, 22nd inst. at 8 o'clock. The next Lecture will be on "THE READING OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF HAMLET." To commence a Lecture at 8 o'clock. Strangers may obtain Tickets of admission to Mr. Vandenhoff's Lectures, at 4s. each, in the library. The members of the Institution have, however, with the privilege of introducing a Lady, in addition to the use of the extensive Library for circulation, the Reading Rooms, and the Class-rooms, the privilege of attending the Lectures gratis. The annual subscription is £2. 2s. two Guineas per annum, payable yearly, and is received in advance.

The following Lectures, Concerts, &c. will take place during the term of the Session 1848-39 :-

Two Lectures, by W. H. Chandler, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c., on the Natural History of Creation.

George Crossmuth, Esq. An Hour with Modern Humourists.

Two Concerts by the Collins Family.

George Dawson, Esq. The History of the English Language.

Ellis Roberts, Esq. on the Music of Wales.

George Crossmuth, Esq. on Popular Amusements.

Dr. Cassin, on the Origin of the Human Race.

W. A. Lewis, Esq. B.A. F.G.S., on the Philosophy and Chemistry of Magic.

Dr. Gaskell, on the Phenomena of Sensation.

John Vandenberg, Esq. Two Shakespearean Readings.

Two Lectures, by Robert Knox, Esq. M.D. F.R.S.E., on the Diseases of Men.

George Dawson, Esq. on Musical Characteristics.

Two Lectures, by Thomas Griffiths, Esq., on Chemistry.

February 20th, George Dawson, Esq. M.A., Historical Chances.

Term recommended—Benjamin Franklin.

Applications for Tickets may be obtained on application in the Library of the Institution.

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The Engraving from the Chandos Portrait of Shakespeare, by Mr. Cousins, A.R.S.A., is now ready for delivery to Subscribers who have paid their subscription for the year 1880. Members in arrear, or persons desirous to become members are requested to forward their Subscriptions to the Agent, Mr. W. W. Bockleier, 125, Piccadilly, immediately, in order that the limited number of Prints may be delivered previously to the obliteration of the plate.

By order of the Council,
W. W. BOCKLEIER, Secretary.

HACKNEY CHURCH OF ENGLAND
SCHOOL.
AN EXAMINATION will be held for the ELECTION of SIX SENIOR SCHOLARS on the 14th and 15th of January, 1886, at 9 o'clock, at the Church of St. Andrew, Hackney, for the purpose of determining their readiness for the Universities from the list of their election to the Michaelmas of their nineteenth year. The candidates must be resident at Hackney, and must be recommended from their present masters, together with a certificate from the Head Master, that they are qualified to enter the University, to the Reverend the Head Master, on or before January 10th, 1886. The examination will be held on the 14th and 15th of the same month, at 9 o'clock in the morning. The Subjects of Examination will be as follows:—
Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French.
Sophocles—*Edip.*, *Tran.*, and *Coloneus*.
Dionysius, *Book I.*
Dionysius, *Book II.*
Latin Composition, Prose and Verse.
Great Imagination.
Scripture History and the Thirty-nine Articles.
The History of England under the Stuarts.
Euclid—*Books I., III., and Algebra* to Simple Equations.
The Examination will also be held in the French Language. Composition. Questions will also be set in higher parts of Mathematics, for the appropriation of some of the Scholars to Mathematical Science.
Any information relative to the School may be had of the Rev. Head Master.
W. W. HEATHCOTE, Secy.
Hackney, Oct. 2, 1885.

CLERICAL ELOCUTION.—**MR. RICHARD JONES** has returned for the Season to his House, 14, Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, Belgrave-square.

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CLASS 87, for GENTLEMEN, will meet on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, October 16, 1849, at half-past Eight o'clock.

CLASS 88, for LADIES, will meet on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, October 15, at a quarter-past Five o'clock.

CLASS 89, for GENTLEMEN, will meet on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, October 15, at a quarter-past Seven o'clock.

CLASS 90, for GENTLEMEN, will meet on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, October 18, at half-past Eight o'clock.

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Leg of Hume, and Hallam's wing."

After the alphabetical compartment has been primed, and the cauldron duly supplied, some internal process ensues. Whether it is in the nature of digestion, or of gestation, is not certain. We trace the existence of a slimy, paste-like substance, rather analogous, it may be, to gastric juice, but this part of the process may be more readily conjectured than made out. Whatever it be, some proceeding or operation takes place which ultimately terminates in the production of a book,—and we are quite positive that the book before us has been brought into the world in that manner.

But to the proof. We have long suspected the existence of a Book-making Machine, and will explain to our readers in what manner the invention was first suggested to our minds. In the year 1838 a book was published under the title of 'The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution: the Treatise of J. L. De Lolme, LL.D., with an historical and legal Introduction and Notes, by A. J. Stephens, M.A., F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law.' The history of the Rise and Progress of the English Constitution is a learned treatise founded on the very best authorities. In many places it is evidently the result of great study and research, which are attested by the boundless profusion with which the author cites authorities. The most recondite materials for English history are familiar to him. He writes on the most difficult questions *ex cathedra*, with the air of a master. He fortifies his opinions with an array of references which looks as if he had devoted a lifetime to the study of his subject. It is necessary that we should make this point plain to our readers, and we will therefore lay before them a few extracts which will show them exactly what we mean. We beg them to keep in mind for the present that what we have to say at some length on this edition of De Lolme is necessary, as they will see in the sequel, for a foundation to our remarks against this edition of 'The Book of Common Prayer.'

At page 9 there occurs the following learned note respecting the composition of the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemote or legislature.

(No. 1.) "The 'Gemot' and its members have various appellations. In the vernacular tongue they were styled the Witen-gemot (assembly of the wise); the Encglared gifan (council-givers); the Eadigra geheahendlic mynce [?] (illustrious assembly of the wealthy); the Eadigan (wealthy); the Mycel Synoth (great synod), Saxon Chron. 154; MS. Claud. A. 3; Saxon Chron. 143; Alfred's Will; Wilkins, 76, 102; Ibid. 72, &c.

"In the Latin phrases applied to this assembly by our forefathers, they have been called 'optimates,' 'principes,' 'primates,' 'proceres,' 'concionatores Anglie,' &c. (Ethelward, 847. Heming. Chart. 15, 17, 23. MS. Claud. MS. Cleop. 3 Gale, 484, 485. 3 Turn. Ang-Sax. 179.) The kings who allude to them in their grants, call them 'My witan,' 'meorum sapientum archontum,' 'heroicorum virorum,' 'conciliatorum meorum,' 'meorum omnium episcoporum et principum optimatum meorum,' 'optimatibus nostris.' Heming. Chart. 2, 41, 57. MS. Claud. C. 9, 103, 112, 113.

"But these are only different words to express the same thing. With reference to their presumed wisdom they were called 'witan,' with reference to their rank and property, or nomination, they were styled [d] 'eadigan,' 'optimates,' 'principes,' 'proceres,' &c."—(p. 9.)

All this is very learned and very satisfactory, and equally so is the following account of the time of the compilation of Domesday Book.—

(No. 2.) "The exact time when the survey was undertaken in [is?] differently stated. The Red Book of the Exchequer seems to have been erroneously quoted (Webb's Short Account of Domesday Book, 1; Dissert. Pref. to Hutchins' Hist. of Dorsetshire, &c.) as fixing the time of entrance upon it in 1080; it being merely stated in that record (in which the original of the Dialogus de Scaccario is found) that the work was undertaken at a time subsequent to the total reduction of the island to William's authority.

"From the memorial of the completion of this survey at the end of the second volume, it is evident that it was finished in 1086.

"Matthew Paris (fol. Lond. 1684, p. 9; see also Mat. West. fol. Francof. 1601, p. 229), Robert of Gloucester (ii. 473), the Annals of Waverley (Hist. Ang. Script. V. ed. Gale, fol. Oxon. 1687, p. 133), and the Chronicle of Bermondsey (Harl. MS. Brit. Mus. No. 231.) give the year 1083 as the date of the record. Henry of Huntingdon (Script. ap. Savile, fol. Lond. 1596, p. 212.) places it in 1084. The Saxon Chronicle in 1085. Brompton (Script. X. Twysd. 979), Simeon of Durham (Ibid. 213), Florence of Worcester (fol. Francof. 1601, p. 641), the Chronicle of Mailros (1 Script. ap. Gale, 161), Roger Hoveden (Rerum Anglie. Script. ap. Savile, fol. Lond. 1596, p. 263, B.), Wikes (Hist. Ang. Script. V. ed. Gale, fol. Oxon. 23.), and Hemingford (Ibid. 461.) in 1086; and the Ypodigma Neustrie (Ang. Hib. Norm. Cambr. a vet. Scripta Gul. Camd. fol. Francof. 1632, p. 439), and Diceto (Script. X. Twysd. 487, 53; Baron Maseres in the Notes to his 'Excerpta ex Orderico Vitali,' 559 [259]), in 1087. Vide etiam 1 Ellis on Domesday, passim, 4."—(p. 31.)

Nothing can be more delightful than to fall in with an author who takes such pains.

The same thing occurs throughout. The simplest fact is vouched for by a whole army of authorities. If we are told that Henry III. confirmed his great charter with certain additions, the truth is authenticated by—

(No. 3.) "1 Rymer, 215. 2 Hume, 147. W. Malm. l. 3, p. 63. H. Knyghton, apud X. Script. col. 2354. Dial. de Scac. l. 1, c. 11. 6 Henry, 85. 2 Law Tracts, 93."—(p. 68.)

Whenever an opening for display occurs, the author stamps his foot, or blows his horn, and up comes instantly an obedient and ever-ready host. Thus, upon a general mention of the judicial "records" of Elizabeth, we have the following:—

(No. 4.) "Harl. MSS. 703, 6995, 6996, 6997.

Du Vair apud Carte, iii. 702. State Trials, 1049-1072, 1315-1334. Bridgewater, 219, 304-307. 3 Strype, 251. 4 Strype, 307. Camden, 645-647, 779. Speed, 1183. 5 Lingard, 382, 416, 519, 558, 668, 622, 624. 5 Hume, 451-492. 1 Hallam's Const. Hist. 315-318.—(p. 268.)

And whenever an opportunity occurs for a reference to the Councils or the Fathers or to Holy Scripture, the author comes forth in all his strength. The simple fact that a passage from St. Chrysostom, adverse to transubstantiation, is truly quoted, is backed as follows:—

(No. 5.) "Psal. xxxii. 5, 6; 2 Sam. xxiii. 1; 2 Chron. vi. 37, 39; 1 Kings, viii. 47, 50; Luke, xviii. 13, 14; Heb. xii. 9; 1 John, i. 9; Jerem. viii. 22; Jam. v. 16; Greg. Exposit. ii. Psal. Penitent. Bas. in Psal. xxxviii. Ambros. lib. x. Comment. in Luc. cap. xxii. Gloss. de Penit. Distinct. i. cap. 2. Larymæ. Socrat. Hist. lib. v. cap. xix."—(p. 235.)

The doctrine of Gregory the Great, as to the power of remitting sins, is established thus:—

(No. 6.) "Euthym. cap. xiii. in Matt. Chrysost. in Matt. ix. Homil. xxix. Grec. Novatian de Trinitat. cap. xiii. Athanas. Orat. iii. cont. Arian. tom. i. 239. Ambros. Epist. lxxvi. ad Studium. Optat. lib. v. contra Donatist. August. Tract. iv. in 1 Johan. iii.; et Nov. Test. passim!"—(p. 236.)

The author evidently labours under a plethora of authorities. He is ill until he gets rid of them. They pour out with spendthrift-like profusion. His text can never be made capacious enough to embrace half the learning which is at his command. For example:—he quotes Augustine against the erection of images in churches. Any common writer would have been satisfied with verifying the assertion by a reference to the particular work of the Saint, and the volume and page of the Benedictine edition. Our author does less, and he does more. He gives what some people may think a very shabby reference to Augustine,—but he makes the balance more than even by a lavish outpouring of his learning under an "*etiam*,"—such an "*etiam*!"—

(No. 7.) "Augustin de Fide et Symbol. cap. vii. Vide etiam Amphiloch. citatus a Patrib. Concilii Constantinop. ann. 754. Epiphani. Epist. ad Johan. Hierosol. tom. i. Oper. Hieronym. Epist. lx. Epiphani. citatus a Concil. Constantinop. in Act. vi. tom. v. Concil. Nicen. ii. Epiphani. in Panar. Hæres. lxxix. 447."—(p. 228.)

There is something amazingly overpowering in such a wonderful array of learning; and for our own parts we will admit that at first it produced its natural impression upon ourselves. But it chanced that, as we turned over the pages of the book a second time, our eyes lighted upon the bundle of authorities to which we have prefixed the number 3, and we began to reason with ourselves after the following manner:—"Rymer! what can he have to do with the charters of liberties? He did not publish any of them; and the propriety of their insertion by Dr. Adam Clarke in the new edition of the 'Fœdera' was a subject of considerable dispute. William of Malmesbury! Henry the Third's second confirmation of the charters took place about 1216, and William of Malmesbury died about 1143. What can William of Malmesbury tell us about the great charters?" How much light will a little chink admit! Inquiry aroused, we soon found out the truth. From the references to Rymer and William of Malmesbury, we passed to the text which they substantiate. It relates to the reign of Henry the Third,—one of the most important in our constitutional history, the birth-period of our representative system. The history of that period extends from page 65 to page 81. We analyzed it;—the following is the result. In seventeen pages, throughout the whole of which there is not one sentence of avowed quotation, what is equal to one page is cobbled up out of cut-

tings from Hume, one from Lingard, half a page from Henry, one from the *Edinburgh Review*, ten and a half from the *Peerage Report*, and the poor remainder is jumbled together from sources which we have not discovered.

The next twenty pages relate to the almost equally important period of Edward the First. In these, the proportion stands as follows. Between page 82 and page 102 one page is derived from Blackstone, and is in part properly acknowledged, one page from Hume, and seventeen pages are composed of passages cut and shuffled together out of various parts of the *Peerage Report*.

Curiosity then led us back to the passages on the Witenagemote and Domesday, which we have given above. No. 1 we found to have been cut out entire from Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons.' If the reader's sight be good he may, with some little trouble, discover at about the centre of the passage as we have printed it, a passing reference to Mr. Turner's work. At that place the whole of the passage—both what precedes and what follows—will be found without the alteration of a word.

No. 2 we found to have been cut out from Ellis's 'Introduction to Domesday.' It is altered in arrangement, the authorities being thrown into the text instead of being put at the bottom of the page. But it is extracted, without the alteration of a word, from the work which is pleasantly referred to in the closing paragraph,—"*Vide etiam*, 1 Ellis on Domesday, *passim*, 4."

As to the collections of cited authorities, we found that the practice adopted in the concoction of the book had been simply this; to cut out all the references quoted by the author as his authorities for the words extracted from him, and very frequently to gather together any other authorities which the author might have quoted thereabouts. Thus, in page 10 an Anglo-Saxon charter is quoted from Turner, 3 Anglo-Sax. p. 189. But Turner had, within a few pages before and after, stated the contents of many other charters of various kinds, referring to each one separately. The one actually quoted by his follower is referred by Turner to Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' p. 244. But the ardent copyist, in his burning zeal for authorities, sweeps into his cauldron all the separate references given by Turner from p. 187 to p. 195, and sends them out in a heap as follows:—

"Dug. Mon. 244; *ibid.* 29, 37, 62, 66, 103, 141, 211, 215, 229, 238, 244, 258, 266, 276, 287, 288. Heming. Chart. 12, 18, 23, 28, 63, 87, 224. Astle's Charters MSS. No. 2, 31. 3 Turn. Ang-Sax. 187. 3 Gale's Script. 517, 520, 523. MSS. Cot. Aug. A 2. Ingulf. Hist. 217."—(p. 10.)

When we began to think over these points and many others which it is impossible to notice within any reasonable space—when we considered the comprehensive and altogether unacknowledged use which had been made of other men's labours and research, the extraction without a word of thanks not only of passages here and there which were the result of the honest pains-taking inquiry of their authors, (like those we have quoted as No. 1 and No. 2,) but of sentence after sentence, and even of page after page, in the way we have mentioned from the 'Peerage Report'—when we considered the very uncommon mode of dealing with references, and went farther and found the whole book to have been manufactured in the same way, and to be in very truth one extensive "borrow" of 487 pages, we confess we were sorely puzzled. We found this mighty piece of literary mosaic-work assigned on the title-page as if to a gentleman of learning and station. Could it be possible that any such person could have

been the compiler of a work got together in a way so unlike the ordinary custom of literary labourers? Could all the cutting and shuffling of words and sentences, the droll alteration of the beginnings of paragraphs, all the mass of little subtleties now open before us, proceed from a person who knew the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, M.A., F.R.S., Barrister-at-Law? Impossible! It was a question not to be asked. Or would it be contended that such a person would write such English as this?

"Every commodity which might serve, &c." were exempted from the new impositions.—(p. 328.)

"The slightest unprejudiced examination * * clearly establish an opposite hypothesis."—(p. 6.)

"A spirit of liberty can never approve of that process * * as may be applied to destroy the best, and most innocent."—(p. 160.)

"The judicial bench is the only bulwark we possess * * and as long as its independence and efficiency is secured, so long only will the scales of justice be equally balanced and our constitutional rights unendangered."—(p. 281.)

Again we exclaimed to ourselves, "Impossible! There is something more here than appears upon the face of the book itself—something out of the way—something we have never met with before." We were confounded and bewildered. We pondered the subject over and over again. At length we were rewarded. The truth suddenly flashed upon our minds. The title-page asserts, among many odd things, that the author is a "barrister-at-law"! That cannot be true. There is proof in this book beyond the possibility of dispute, that no barrister-at-law could have had anything to do with it. It is as follows:—At p. 80, reference is made to a certain statute. The passage is extracted in the usual way from Henry, who gave as his authority, 'Statutes, vol. i., p. 35.' Now, it would seem that this reference was not liked. If the author had been a barrister of any kind—a barrister-at-law or a barrister-at-law (if there be any such person)—he would, of course, have rectified the irregular reference at once. It was not rectified, but it was altered thus:—"Vide Statutes *passim*!" which means we suppose, "Look through the Statutes till you find it." This might be well enough for a pert lad employed to feed a machine, but would any barrister have so written? Impossible. If then the author was clearly not a barrister—if the book was got up in a way and exhibited a degree of attainment; or want of attainment, incompatible with the academical and in other ways honourable position assigned to the supposed author, what was the inference? Incontestably that the name upon the title-page was mere moonshine—that there was no such person in *rerum natura* as the A. J. Stephens of the title-page—that that name was a mere fiction—the name of some brother-in-law of John Nokes or Tom Stykes. That step once gained, proofs of the actual mode of concoction flowed in upon us from every side. In one place the cutting-machine had stopped short in the midst of a sentence where no human author would have dreamt of inserting even a comma. For example, in our No. 2, Ellis wrote:—

"Baron Maseres in the notes to his 'Excerpta ex Orderico Vitali,' p. 259.—"represents the survey to have been begun in the fourth or fifth year of the Conqueror's reign—that is, as early as 1071; but without even the shadow of an authority."

The mark || denotes the place where the clipping-machine, being arrested in its progress, ceased to act. An unexceptionable passage was converted into one entirely without meaning. Nothing but a machine would have left it in such condition. An irrefragable testimony was thus afforded to the description of machinery by which the book had been produced.

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In like manner we traced, in innumerable parts of the book, the operation of the transposing machine. We saw the action of the alphabetical compartment in the slip-slop words and sentences by which the cauldron-work was bound together; and the cauldron itself afforded the only satisfactory explanation of the way in which Hume became dovetailed into Henry—Langard stood *vis-à-vis* to Hallam—Southey paired off with Butler—and the Report on the Poor formed a kind of chequer-work with the *Edinburgh Review*. These were the conclusions at which we arrived ten years ago. We were at that time confident in our own minds; but the proof was not altogether of a kind which could be urged home upon sceptical persons. We therefore held our peace, and awaited the appearance of some other production of the great invention. We have not waited in vain. *Ecce iterum! Ecce iterum!* Here we have the long-desired completion of the evidence of the existence of the Book-making Machine.

This enormous book is divisible into three parts. There is—1. An Introduction, which runs out to 230 pages;—2. A copy of the Morning and Evening Prayers, and the Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings of the Book of Common Prayer, collated with several of what are called the Sealed Books;—and, 3. Various notes, "legal and historical." The Prayer Book and notes extend to 597 pages over and above the 230 pages of Introduction. These several parts are of very different natures and values, and deserve to be dealt with separately; but at present we have no space for anything save a consideration of the new evidence which is here afforded of the existence of the Book-making Machine. The Sealed Books are certain copies of the Liturgy of the Church of England authenticated under the Great Seal by Commissioners appointed in 1662 under the authority of the Act for Uniformity. They turn out to be singularly little use or value, contradicting one another, containing many blunders, raising many new questions, and affording anything but conclusive or satisfactory evidence as to the actual contents of the original MS. of the Book of Common Prayer which was authenticated by statute, but is now missing. A most absurd fuss is made about these Sealed Books in the work before us; but that is done merely to magnify the labours of the Machine. The notes appended to the Prayer Book are of the kind termed "collections,"—extracts, that is, from all kinds of books, cuttings and scraps of all sorts, an utter mangle-mangle, containing things good, bad and indifferent, strung together without principle or definite purpose. The extent to which the rage for annotation has been carried is farcical in the extreme. For example, on the occurrence of the word "Bible," we have as a note a collection of extracts of eight pages to tell us what the Bible is, and what it contains,—besides other separate notes upon each book of the Bible as its name occurs in the Table of Lessons. Again, on the occurrence of "Kalendar," there is a note of fifteen pages which is almost all copied from Sir Harris Nicolas's "Chronology of History," without the most distant allusion to Sir Harris himself or to his useful labours. These notes, although printed in a way which may not be so understood by the uninitiated, are not any of them original. Full as they appear of learning and research, there is not one atom of either attributable to the editor, and probably not a couple of pages of original matter. They are mere cuttings out of books,—sometimes acknowledged and sometimes not. But in the Introduction, the Machine—or, as it is wittily pretended, the imaginary Stephens—comes forth as a make-believe original author.

He does so much after the same manner as he did in the "History of the Rise and Progress of the Constitution." There is only this difference:—when manufacturing the "History of the Rise and Progress," &c., other people's books were put into the cauldron, and the "History of the Rise and Progress," &c. was the result. On the present occasion the "History of the Rise and Progress," &c. is itself the main ingredient of "the charmed pot,"—and the present Introduction is the result. We will exemplify what kind of a result it is, only premising, that the "History of the Rise and Progress," &c. is never mentioned or alluded to in any way whatever from the beginning of the Introduction to the end.

The Introduction opens with an account of the Acts of Parliament which severed the English Church from Rome. They extend from p. ii to p. vi. Much of this was originally cut out of Burnet for the "Rise and Progress." Now it is removed by the cutting-machine from the "Rise and Progress" to the Introduction.

At p. xxxi is an abstract of Edward the Sixth's Injunctions of 1547. It is enormously incorrect. Such as it is, it was cut out of Burnet for the "Rise and Progress," and is now transferred from that book to the Introduction.

Then follows an account of the ecclesiastical statutes of Edward the Sixth. They extend from p. xxxiv to p. xxxvii, and are all taken from the "Rise and Progress."

If we pass to Mary's time we find precisely the same thing, and so again under Elizabeth. There, as everywhere else, the Introduction looks exactly like an original composition, but it is word for word composed of extracts cut out of Burnet, Butler, or some other author, in most cases first used in the "Rise and Progress," and now transferred hither. One odd circumstance must be noticed. In Butler's "Hist. Mem. of the English Catholics," Vol. I., pp. 402, 403, is an account of the tortures to which the Catholics were subjected in the reign of Elizabeth. It is a piquant morsel describing the rack, the hoop or scavenger's daughter, the little-ease, the iron gauntlet, and so forth. Butler further says, speaking of the persecuted of the Roman Catholics under Elizabeth,—

"In several instances when the sufferers were put to trial, there was no legal proof established; and in some, not even any legal evidence offered to substantiate the offence of which the party was accused."

This nice little bit was duly extracted by the cutting-machine, and rightly passed-on to the cauldron. There it somehow or other got shuffled about until it was transferred from Elizabeth's time to that of Mary. The fact is enough to make the amiable Charles Butler rise from the dead, but it positively is the case, that his highly-wrought description of Catholic miseries under Elizabeth, now figures as part of the imaginary Stephens's account of the sufferings of the Protestants under Mary! See "Rise and Progress," Vol. I., p. 261. When the present Introduction was manufactured, the cutting machine snipped off everything about the instruments of torture, but the concluding passage about the want of evidence against the Elizabethan Catholic martyrs, the one we have quoted above, stands a little mutilated at p. lxxxvii, as part of an enumeration of the injustice of Mary against the Protestants. Most useful engine! Was it mere chance, or had the engine the wit to know that the doings of all persecutors are alike?

At a subsequent period Butler's account of the Pope's Bull against Elizabeth is made to tell against his own views by little cuttings and parings and substitutions. When he writes "Protestant Church," the machine substitutes "English Catholic Church," and when he says

that the canonization of the Pope ought not to be considered as an adoption of all his actions by the Church, the machine takes all his facts, and by skillful alteration is enabled to draw a conclusion diametrically the reverse.

Dr. Burton's "Three Primers," Cardwell's "Conferences," Mr. Clay's "Liturgical Services" and "History of the Prayer Book," with Archdeacon Berens's little book upon the same subject, are all of course laid under contribution, but the "Rise and Progress" is the staple of the Introduction throughout. Thus, p. cxix is composed of bits cut out from pp. 293, 299; p. cxx from similar bits from pp. 299, 300, 301; p. cxxi from p. 301, and going back again, from p. 297; p. cxxii from p. 297; p. cxxiii from p. 298, and then, with a leap forward, from p. 301; p. cxxvii from pp. 301-302; pp. cxxviii to cxxvii, from pp. 294 to 307; p. cxxxvii is composed of snips from pp. 307, 358, 354; p. cxxxviii of similar little snips derived from pp. 354, 364, 358, and 362; p. cxliii comes from pp. 359, 362, 363; p. cxlv from p. 397, two paragraphs having merely changed sides, as we used to do in the old days of country dances; next time the machine uses them they will probably dance back again; pp. cxlvi to cxlviii come from pp. 390 to 398; p. cxlix half a page from Hume, and the remainder from p. 408; p. cl from p. 408. The long note is from Berens; pp. cli and clii from p. 409, p. clii from p. 409. Then we begin with Berens again for two or three pages, and so we go on to the end.

If our readers will bear in mind the manner in which the "Rise and Progress" was manufactured—what a glorious kind of patchwork we have proved it to be,—and will now fancy a large piece of that patchwork picked to pieces, and then sewn together again in a new form, with the addition of a few new cuttings, they will have an exact idea both of the originality and the mode of manufacture of this Introduction. As to whether the book, or the Introduction, got up by this kind of literary sempsternship is good or bad, we must decline expressing any opinion. We are overwhelmed by a feeling of admiration at the cleverness of the invention, and cannot think of anything else. Only one other circumstance we must mention, for it seems to prove a sort of sagacity in the very cogs and wheels of this inimitable Machine.

The ideal Stephens of the "Rise and Progress," the supposed manager of the cabbage-manufactory from which that book proceeded, is there represented as a gentleman of High Church principles. He is full of the "English Catholic Church," he is very hot against Queen Elizabeth, he regards the Puritans as the scum of the earth, looks upon Calvin as the father of lies, and stands up stoutly for all the virtues and graces which come down to us—unworthy that we are!—by succession from apostolical men and times. Ten years ago this sort of thing was attractive. But times are changed. The Machine is now set in motion by a Church of England society,—the first name on whose council is that of Lord Ashley, with whom are joined many worthy men, who, unless they are belied, unite a strong attachment to the Reformed church to a great deal more sympathy with the Puritans than with their High Church persecutors. Now that might have been something of a difficulty in the case of a real flesh-and-blood author; but—mark the inestimable value of this invention!—it is no difficulty at all to a Machine. The points to be aimed at were four: 1. "Church of England" must be substituted for "English Catholic Church." 2. The great Protestant Queen must not be over-much dispraised. 3. The Puritans must not be too much abused; and 4. The Church of England might be exalted to the stars, or above

them, if the Machine could ascend any higher. Mark, in the following two or three specimens how nicely these objects are all accomplished. The first column exhibits the passages as they were originally cobbled up by the Machine, for the 'Rise and Progress.' The second shows the same passages as re-cut, or otherwise altered, to suit the taste of Lord Ashley & Co.

"The depravity of Elizabeth's mind was such, that, although licentiousness was tolerated, yet marriage was forbidden to those over whom she had control, and consequently she could not be persuaded to legitimate the marriage of the clergy, and it was only reluctantly suffered during her reign." *Rise and Progress*, l. p. 364.

"When the episcopal jurisdiction had been abolished, . . . the philanthropic puritanical clergy shared the spoils . . . from which the lawful incumbents had been turned out with their families to starve; and these were the men who had hypocritically and reasonably declaimed against the wealth and power of the bishops and annihilated religion. But no sentiment save that of the 'meanest of the mean,' ever found refuge in the breasts of these puritanical ministers; and 'contemptible and loathsome cant' supplied the place of true religion, as illustrated by their abolishing Maypoles, and prohibiting servants and children from walking in the fields on the Sabbath day; but in truth puritanical religious professions resembled the little eruptive pustule on the surface which betrays the infection and putridity at the core. Numerous proofs exist of the 'Christian disposition of the Puritans, such as' &c. —then follows a great deal of similar nonsense. *Ibid.* pp. 408, 409.

"Under the Puritans controversy and intrigue usurped the place of pure religion; and immorality and wickedness of all kinds everywhere abounded; licentiousness, oppression, pride, covetousness, and a secret hatred of all religion was widely disseminated amongst the nation. And these are forcible and practical illustrations of the 'miseries' which the nation encountered upon the temporary subversion of the English Catholic Church." *Ibid.* p. 406.

We are enraptured! One would think the cutting machine had a glimmering of sense.

We trust our readers will agree with us that we have proved our point. We have established the existence of a Book-making Machine beyond all possibility of question. Only one thing remains to be glanced at. We do not know the fact, but we have been told, that there really is an actual living person whose name agrees with that placed upon the title-pages of the books we have commented upon. Of course that makes no kind of difference to our argument. People may put any name they like upon a title-page or upon a quack medicine. The manufacturers of these books may have chanced to hit upon the name of an actual person; but if they have, that circumstance does not at all prove that he had any hand in the getting up of the books, or that they are not the genuine produce of the Machine. If there is any such person, we are really very sorry for the gentleman, and beg that no one will suppose that we mean to attribute these books to him. Heaven forbid! The things which we have

"Elizabeth

could not be persuaded to legitimate the marriage of the clergy, and it was only reluctantly suffered during her reign." *Introduction*, p. cxxxviii.

"When the episcopal jurisdiction had been abolished, . . . the puritanical clergy shared the spoils . . . from which the lawful incumbents had been turned out with their families to starve; and these were the men who had

declaimed against the wealth and power of the bishops and other clergy of the Church of England.

Numerous proofs exist of the disposition of the Puritans," &c.—*Introduct.* pp. cl. cli.

"Under the Puritans controversy and intrigue usurped the place of pure religion; and the events of that period, as well as the events during the reign of Mary,

are forcible and practical illustrations of the 'miseries' inflicted on the nation by the attempt to subvert the Church of England—a church which is the only firm basis of our constitution, and of that civil liberty which equally protects the peasant and the prince, and that to an extent unprecedented in ancient or modern times." *Introduct.* p. clviii.

detailed are evidences of the perfection of cleverness in a machine; but they might possibly be thought to be evidences of the perfection of something else in a living author. No, no! No one can read what we have written without seeing clearly that the name on the title-pages is that of a mere nonentity, and that the books themselves are the proofs and evidences, the unquestionable glories and triumphs, of THE BOOK-MAKING MACHINE.

Ernesto di Ripalta: a Tale of the Italian Revolution. By the Author of 'Notes of a Two Years' Residence in Italy.' 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

WE are too near the Revolutions of 1848 to treat them artistically with any hope of success. The apparition of the Duchesse d'Orléans and her son in the Chamber,—the voyage of "Mr. Smith" from Normandy to Claremont,—the bit-by-bit murder of Lichnowsky and Von Auerswald at Frankfort,—and that strange day for London the 10th of April in last year, were fraught with too many serious interests, coming home to our hearths and homes, to admit of any ideal presentiment approaching the excitement of the simple facts as detailed to us by the daily press. King O'Brien among the coleworts and Mr. Conspirator Fussell administering an oath to his offspring are beyond the power of a Dickens or a Thackeray to improve upon. The combinations of the recent Italian movement were obvious before any romance could be writ in assemblage thereof.—State using and abusing neighbour state—liberalism availing itself of papistical authority to work its reforms—patriotism spending itself in cries for foreign aid—interference entering on its task blindfold, and by its awkward and aimless proceedings absolutely making a cause and a case amongst those who might otherwise have early separated owing to petty disunions and jealousies:—has not something like this been the story of the Italian movement?—And was not something like this predicated by us almost ere it began—when Signor Mariotti's eloquent but irrational book disclosed to us by the very tone and temper of its advocacy chasms which there seemed no possibility of bridging over—discrepancies past the power of a Machiavel's self to reconcile?—Now that we must, for a while at least, accept—though we cannot repose upon—the conclusion then foreseen, do we not feel too acutely the sad and strange misfortunes of Italy to treat them picturesquely? A novel on the tragedies of Potash Farm or Miniver Place would be a coarse, naked, revolting piece of horror—a flogging scene in Milan, however piquantly narrated, would be merely disgusting. Those who are exact to contemporary history must abandon hope of high honours in contemporary fiction. There is no creating "beings of the mind" to do the work of the Radetzky, Georgeys, and Louis Napoleons who are setting the world around us in flames, or putting out the fire—as may be. Accordingly, when the catastrophe of 'Ernesto di Ripalta' is approached its writer almost entirely drops the tone of fiction and assumes that of contemporary history:—thus weakening his work as a novel, without in any respect imparting to it permanent value or instruction.

The above general remarks will absolve us from a deliberate anatomy of the story before us and a complete enumeration of its characters. Among the latter is an excellent old Catholic Marchioness whose son, the hero Ernesto, has early become a Liberal. He has for friend a Swiss Calvinist, Gustave de Montmaure—a liberal also; who is called upon to engage in the terrible strife betwixt Love and Duty, by his

passion for Signorina Angelica, Ernesto's sister—a devoted Catholic. There is also an English Baronet, with a son and daughter addicted to Puseyism; whose Italian journey ends in the loss of the daughter—since she becomes secretly attached to, and finally, marries clandestinely Ernesto di Ripalta—and for that is cursed and cast off by the choleric Briton, her parent. What is sadder still, her hasty marriage fulfils the proverb, being followed by leisurely repentance. Ernesto does not treat her unkindly; but he is too hot a patriot to be a tender husband—and wearies of his English wife because he cannot inspire her with his own passionate—we might fairly add *selfish*—devotion to the cause of Italian liberty!—But what experienced novel reader is there who does not perceive that up to this time we have not mentioned the central wheel of intrigue which sets all these personages in discordant motion?—An Italian novel without a Jesuit would be like an Italian-valley picture without a campanile; and accordingly, a Jesuit there is, of the subtlest possible pattern—less coarse and melodramatic, but also far less powerful, than M. Sue's Rodin of infernal memory. We cannot help becoming tired of the perpetual chime rung on certain sinister notes—so often as these black gentry appear in modern fiction. Their character, peculiarities and position are never varied but from one and the same point of antagonism; yet are they rich in the lights, shades, inconsistencies and combinations that should be most tempting to a romancer. Think what the Poet who could

vindicate the man while painting dark the Jew,—think what Shakspeare could have made of the Priest in this his most complex incarnation, had the character fallen into his hands!—We are driven to speculate by the wearisome barrenness of the perpetual iteration complained of; which becomes unphilosophical almost to the offensive point, in a day whose boast it is to ordain the destruction of class prejudices and the abolition of class nicknames. But this is not the occasion for recommending the beauty and illustrating the uses of tolerance in fiction:—there being neither weight nor wisdom enough in 'Ernesto di Ripalta' to elevate it into a text for such a homily. The writer is earnest in his meanings and unaffected in his style; but his tale, though not precisely chargeable with tediousness, can scarcely (for the reasons given in the outset of this notice) be commended as interesting.

The Sea-side Book: being an Introduction to the Natural History of the British Coast. By W. Harvey, M.D. Van Voorst.

WE are glad to find amongst our men of science an increasing tendency to become popular instructors. Time was when it was as much as a man's scientific reputation was worth to write a book for the ignorant or deliver a lecture to the people. This exclusive principle is yet strong in the bosoms of some of our great men. They have had powerful prejudices to overcome ere they could go so far as to patronize the popular British Association for the Advancement of Science. Many of the Fellows of the Royal Society object to the papers read before them being discussed; and we believe none of their papers have ever yet been illustrated by diagrams,—these assuming too popular an aspect. The more liberal Fellows will now and then condescend to deliver a lecture at the Royal Institution; but woe to the Fellow who dares to entertain the audience of a Mechanics' Institute or a Literary Society. With such feelings on the part of our men of science generally, it is no wonder that the few of them who have attempted popular teaching should have been dry

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and uninteresting: whilst the task of supplying the demands of an increasingly intelligent people has fallen consequently into the hands of mere pretenders to science, who seek to amuse rather than to instruct. All honour, then, to such men as Edward Forbes, Ansted, Carpenter, and Harvey,—who, with a first-rate reputation as men of science, have come forward as writers and lecturers for the masses.

The book which has led us to make these remarks is a pleasant introduction to those departments of science which may be studied by the sea-shore. No one can have visited our coasts without having a wish excited to know something of the processes which have gone on in the formation of their rocky cliffs and pebbly shores. Nor can an observant mind be indifferent to the varied colours and elegant forms of the vegetation so constantly thrown up at our feet on the margin of the sea. The shells, starfishes, jelly-fishes, crabs, and a host of curiously formed things flung on the shore, and unceremoniously treated by the fisherman as "rubbish," are all worthy of study, and capable of illustrating some of the great laws by which the universe is governed. It is of the settings that Dr. Harvey talks:—and we have met with few more instructive guides to the pleasures of natural history studies than he. The book appropriately begins with the sand; which though wearisomely monotonous to the un-instructed eye, is written all over with characters suggestive of interesting inquiry to the naturalist.

"The foot-prints of sea-birds on the sands of the shore are often unnoticed, and are swept away by the first returning wave. So are the tracks of trailing shell-fish, which may sometimes be seen furrowing the surface of fine hard sand in considerable numbers. The common yellow nerite (*Littorina littoralis*) is a frequent maker of these trails, as it moves its station from one small rock to another, patiently cutting a road through the sands as it proceeds on its journey. These marks, and the undulations left by the water on the surface, where regular minute ridges of sand follow each other in an orderly manner, like the furrows in a field, appear of so fugacious a nature as to be undeserving of notice. The retreating wave has left them behind, and the returning will sweep them away, and all be a smooth surface again. Yet, in these fugitive markings of the sand the geologist traces the resemblance which links them with time immeasurably distant in the past history of the world, and with impressions on rocks which have outlived the decay of centuries, but which were, in their origin, of no more apparent stability than these marks in the sand, or than our own foot-prints. When a surface of sand-stone rock is uncovered, it very frequently exhibits markings of a nature precisely similar to what we every day meet with on the sandy shore. There is the ripple-mark, defined with equal regularity and sharpness—we see where every wavelet of the antediluvian ocean did its work;—there are the sinuous roads, cut out by the antediluvian molluscs, now visible in relief, by the mud which has silted into them;—the worm-like heaps of sand, which mark the position of the worm, or of the testaceous mollusc, are equally obvious in the sandstone, and on the recent shore;—the very rain drops which impressed the sandy surface thousands of years ago have left their record on the surface of the rock. When we see all these appearances on the newly turned-up rock, and find similar markings on the flat sands of the sea, it is impossible to avoid connecting the two observations, and admitting that in what passes under our eyes as a daily occurrence on the sands, we find the explanation of the geological phenomenon. The sandstone rock, hard as it now may be, was once a beach, as impenetrable as that in which we may now be leaving our foot-prints. And though, in thousands of cases, these footprints will be swept away by the next flow of the water, it may so happen that they will remain. And it is a wonderful circumstance that all trace of some of the gigantic animals which once inhabited the world has perished from the knowledge of mankind, save only the track

of their footprints left in what was then adhesive mud, but which successive ages have converted into hard stone. If Robinson Crusoe was powerfully affected by meeting with the naked human footprints in the sand, what a crowd of thoughts are awakened by discovering in the hard rock this only evidence of a gigantic animal. A true poet has said,

"It is the soul that sees: the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind desires;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise."

We may live among the grandest scenes of nature, or may visit the noblest monuments of art, and remain insensible to their beauty or sublimity. Differently affected, we may find in the barren sands of the sea-shore enjoyment of the purest character, and speculations, which, rising from nothing more important than the trail of the sea-slug, will lead us to contemplate and in measure to comprehend some of the most extensive operations of nature, bringing under review unnumbered ages, past, present, and to come."

The shore also gives our author an opportunity of speaking of many familiar objects:—of "mermaid's purses," which are the eggs of sharks,—of whelks, scallops, razor-fish, cockles, and other shell-fish which deposit their eggs or find a habitation there. We are introduced, too, to some of those polypiferous creatures which, though filled with little animals, yet look like dead sea-weeds.—Of the plants Dr. Harvey thus speaks—

"The marine plants which occupy sandy shores are not numerous, though a great variety of beautiful kinds may often be picked up on the beach after a gale. These come from deeper water, either where the sand is more firmly compacted than on the shore, or where masses of rock interrupt its continuity, and afford a site for a colony of sea-weeds. One marine plant, however, the only British instance of a flowering plant inhabiting the sea, frequently forms extensive submarine meadows on sandy shores. This is the grass wrack (*Zostera marina*), whose creeping stems, rooting at the joints, admirably fit it for establishing itself on loose sands, and forming the nucleus of a soil in which other plants may grow. Its long, riband-like leaves of a brilliant green colour and satiny lustre, waving freely in the water, afford shelter and nourishment to a host of marine animals and plants. Great numbers of epiphytic sea-weeds, of small size, but many of them of exquisite beauty, may be collected on the leaves of *Zostera*, which are frequented also by numerous zoophytes, and by the smaller gasteropodous molluscs. A *Zostera*-bed is therefore always worth examining. But it is chiefly when the *Zostera* grows beyond the reach of the tide, and is raised by dragging hooks through it, that it is found so well clothed with sea-weeds and zoophytes. Nearer shore it frequently collects muddy particles, which defile all that grows upon it. This plant is collected on many parts of the coast, and even imported in large quantities from the Baltic, being sold, under the market name of *Alga marina*, to the manufacturers of cheap bedding. It is said to form a very tolerable bed, and certainly a cheap one. It also makes an excellent material for packing glass and earthenware."

From the sands we pass to the rocky sea shore; where the creatures and sea-weeds which are left uncovered at every recession of the tide find a habitation. Those who know that Dr. Harvey is the greatest living authority on any thing connected with marine Algae, will turn to this chapter with interest:—and we quote the following passage as a sample of the manner in which this part of the work is written.—

"There is a circumstance connected with the history of our common *Ulva Enteromorpha* and *Porphyra*, which deserves notice. Most of the species common to the European shores are found in all parts of the world to which a marine vegetation extends. In the cold waters of the Arctic sea, *Ulva latissima*, *Enteromorpha compressa*, and *Porphyra laciniata*, vegetate in abundance; and these same plants skirt the shores of tropical seas, and extend into the southern ocean as far as Cape Horn. Vegetation, at least with its most obvious features, ceases in the south at a much lower parallel than in the Arctic regions, and the shores of the Antarctic

lands appear to be perfectly barren, producing not even an *Ulva*. But the fact of the great adaptability of plants of this family to different climates, is beautifully illustrated by the last land plant collected by the acute naturalist attached to our Antarctic expedition. The last plant that struggles with perpetual winter was gathered at Cockburn Island 64° S. (a latitude no greater than that of Archangel, where the vine is said to ripen in the open air), and this proved to be an *Ulva* (*U. crispata*), identical with a small species which may often be seen in this country on old thatch, or on damp walls and rocks, forming extensive patches of small green leaves. It is not common to find marine plants with so wide a distribution; but a nearly equal extent of sea is characterized by another British *Chlorosperms*, of a much greater size and more complex structure. On most of the rocky coasts of Britain may be gathered in tide-pools, or rocks near low water mark, an alga of a bright green colour and spongy texture, cylindrical, and much branched, the branches dividing pretty regularly by repeated forkings, and the whole invested, when seen under water, with a downy coat of colourless filaments. The name of this plant is *Codium tomentosum*. Under the microscope it is found to be wholly composed of small threads of a tenacious, membranous consistence, filled with a dense granular fluid, closely and intricately matted together; the threads in the centre of the branches having a longitudinal direction, while those of the circumference are horizontal, presenting their closely set tips to the surface of the frond. This plant abounds on the shores of the Atlantic, from the north of Europe to the Cape of Good Hope: it appears to be equally common in the Pacific, extending along the whole western coast of the American Continent: it is found in the Indian sea, and on the shores of Australia and New Zealand: nor is there any certain character by which the specimens of one country may be known from those of another."

We cannot follow Dr. Harvey through his descriptions of actiniae, sponges, polyps, corals, sea-mosses, hermit-crabs, and sea-slugs; all creatures to be found inhabiting the rocks,—nestling either among the sea-weeds or on the rocks themselves. From the sea shore we are conveyed on to the sea itself; and while pleasantly floating on the blue waves, are instructed to cast the dredge and sweep the bottom of the ocean for its wonders. Since the publication of the researches of Prof. Edward Forbes the dredge is no longer a vulgar tool in the hands of the fisherman, or a toy for the dilettanti collector of shells to play with:—it is a veritable scientific instrument, whose revelations are not less important to science than those of the telescope or microscope. By its means Prof. Forbes was enabled to point out the fact, that zones of depth in the sea are not less definite in the character of their animal and vegetable inhabitants than zones of height in mountains,—and that the same general laws which regulate the distribution of the Flora and Fauna in the one case regulate it in the other. The naturalist's dredge is an instrument with which some of the most interesting problems in zoology and geology have yet to be solved. Here we have an instance.—

"No one can have thrown down the dredge many times, on almost any sort of ground, and failed to bring up one or other of the various animals called Starfishes, whose name sufficiently indicates their form. Sometimes the dredge comes up literally filled with these creatures, thousands being brought up in a single haul, as if the bottom were formed of a living bank of them, or as if we had disturbed a submarine hive in the process of swarming. The countless myriads of living starfishes which thus cluster together may serve to explain to us the profusion with which similar animals, whose remains are now found in rocky strata, were dispersed through the waters of the early world. But, while we have this similarity in relative quantity between themodern races and those of ancient days, we find in this, as in most other cases, a complete change in the types most common at different periods of the world's age. The animals which re-

present our starfishes in early strata have wholly perished from the modern waters; and the very type of structure to which they belonged has nearly become extinct, and is now confined to a very few species. In the seas which once flowed over the British Islands there lived a race of Starfishes whose bodies were affixed, like flowers, to a slender stalk, composed of numerous shelly plates, disposed like the bones in a vertebral column, and connected together and rendered flexible by the fleshy coat of the animal. This stalk was fixed to some foreign body, and thus the Starfish remained at anchor, ready to seize upon any animal which came within the length of its tether, but, unlike its modern representative, unable to pursue its game to any distance. The petrified remains of these curious animals are commonly called *Lily stones*, or *Encrinites*, and the joints of their stem are known by the name of 'St. Cuthbert's beads.' Whether they became, at any period of their life, free from the stalk, and capable of independent motion, is uncertain, as we have no living species to tell the tale; and, to judge from the remains found in a fossil state, it does not appear probable. The modern seas of Britain furnish us with but a single species of the family *Cronioidea*, the group to which the Lily Stars of early time belonged; and it is not a little curious that this species though it afterwards becomes free, swimming about, like any other Starfish, is in its infancy affixed to a stalk perfectly analogous to that of the Encrinite. When first detected in this young state, it was, indeed, supposed to be a distinct animal, and believed to be the pigmy representative of the Lily Star. Subsequent observations have shown that the little creature is merely the young of the Featherstar (*Comatulacea*), the only living Crinoid Starfish in the British seas."

To the chapter on the dredge—which is devoted to a consideration of animals inhabiting the deep sea—succeeds one on the microscopic wonders of the deep. Much the greater portion of creation of which we can take cognizance with the eye is hidden from our unassisted vision. Just as chemistry has advanced by an increased acquaintance with the weight and relative proportions of elementary matters in compound bodies, so has physiology advanced by the greater knowledge of animal and vegetable structure which has been afforded by the microscope. Amongst the objects which crowd the ocean is the family of minute plants called *Diatomacea*.—

"The pieces or joints of which these plants are composed, are called *frustules*; and each frustule consists of a single cell, whose coat is composed of a very delicate membrane made of organised siliceous matter. That these plants have thus the power of withdrawing silica, or flint earth, in some manner from the waters of the sea, and fixing it in their tissues is certain, but the exact method in which this is effected has not been ascertained. A remarkable point in their history results from this power of feeding on flint. It is this: their bodies are indestructible. Thus, their constantly accumulating remains are gradually deposited in strata, under the waters of the sea as well as in lakes and ponds. At first the effect produced by things so small—thousands of which might be contained in a drop, and millions packed together in a cubic inch, may appear of trifling moment, when speaking of so grand an operation, as the deposition of submarine strata. But as each moment has its value in the measurement of time, to whatever extent of ages the succession may be prolonged, so each of these atoms has a definite relation to space, and their constant production and deposition will at length result in mountains. The examination of the most ancient of the stratified rocks, and of all others in the ascending scale, and the investigation of deposits now in course of formation, teach us that from the first dawn of animated nature up to the present hour this prolific family has never ceased its activity. England may boast that the sun never sets upon her empire, but here is an ocean realm whose subjects are literally more numerous than the sands of the sea. We cannot count them by millions simply, but by hundreds of thousands of millions. Indeed it is futile to speak of numbers in relation to things so uncount-

able. Extensive rocky strata, chains of hills, beds of marl, almost every description of soil, whether superficial or raised from a great depth, contain the remains of this little plant in greater or less abundance. Some great tracts of country are literally built up of their skeletons. No country is destitute of such monuments, and in some they constitute the leading features in the structure of the soil. The world is a vast catacomb of *Diatomacea*; nor is the growth of those old dwellers on our earth diminished in its latter days."

The remaining chapters are devoted to sea-side plants, or those which grow near the sea,—the most common sea birds,—the cuttle-fish family,—and other matters:—all treated in the same simple and pleasing manner. The author finishes by the eloquent expression of his belief in the progressiveness of creation:—a view which the accumulation of facts will scarcely allow at the present day to be controverted.

This little work is got up very neatly. It contains a large number of woodcuts illustrating the animals and plants described; and each chapter has a pretty picturesque vignette, which adds much to the attractiveness of the book.

The Lord of the Manor; or, Lights and Shades of Country Life. By Thomas Hall, Esq. 2 vols. Shoberl.

A new publisher has taken the field in the person of Mr. William Shoberl; and he announces with some emphasis that this is his first—and therefore it is fair to assume that it is intended to be his specimen—publication. In the principles on which a publisher proposes to conduct his communications with the reading public we have more than once been called on to show that the public have a serious interest; and we hold ourselves therefore entitled, under the circumstances, to inquire on their behalf at once into the individual instance before us and into the system which it announces.

Among the most discreditable of the devices of the book trade, our readers have long been familiar with that advertising trick, known technically as the puff-preliminary, by which a prominent department of our modern literature has been seemingly degraded to the level of the most empirical of quack nostrums:—the publisher standing between the author and his public avowedly with a mystification, and not unfrequently with a falsehood, in his hand. We have ourselves done too much towards the abatement of this literary wrong, and have seen its gradual decrease with too much satisfaction, to let it revive under our eyes in an aggravated form without a protest. To the original dishonesty of such an instrument is now added a commercial folly. The trick was stimulative only while it was not known to be a trick. It could, by its very nature, serve its purpose but for a time; and the public faith once withdrawn, an exhibition of the kind could continue to attract attention only to the cleverness or the clumsiness of the sleight-of-hand. We doubt if the conjuring has ever before been so awkwardly and inartificially performed as by Mr. Shoberl in this case of 'The Lord of the Manor.' His is a very burlesque upon legerdemain. He lets the entire public see him slipping the cards up his sleeve. The trick is as follows.—

"The forthcoming work announced by Mr. Shoberl, from the powerful pen of the author of 'Raby Rattler,' is said to be one of thrilling interest, and founded upon fact. Its plot is stated to be at once startling and extraordinary; and arrangements are even thus early in progress for dramatizing it at our national theatres. One of the principal objects of the writer is to portray the horrible consequences of vice—and thus to ameliorate the condition of society—to show the hapless situation of that man who is so unfortunate as to fall into the trammels of a bold, bad woman, ready for the commission of any crime—for such the heroine is understood to be. The readers of works of fiction will, no doubt, look forward with impatience to its publication."

—Evening Paper.

So much for the system,—now for the book:

—and we beg our readers to understand that the latter would have had no mention in our columns but for the protest to which we hold ourselves bound against the former. The objectionable character of the puff-preliminary is in this case greatly aggravated by the character of the thing it heralds. The work so announced is something far more discreditable than the manner of the announcement. It is little to say of this book that its author cannot write English:—that he has a disregard for syntax which is occasionally serviceable to him as covering his retreat under extreme confusion of thought. We remember no other volumes in which coarseness and vulgarity have lifted up their heads so impudently. The unutterable folly and stupidity of the book are its redeeming points:—they show an inapprehensiveness on the part of the author which goes some way towards diminishing the moral offence. The confidence and conceit with which the garbage is offered for food pleads for the writer, as suggesting his entire unconsciousness of its unwholesome character. The ingredients, bad in themselves, are so miserably compounded as to leave the distinct offence of each strong upon the palate. The sole harmonizing element employed is a sort of saucy smartness, which is itself unsavoury. These, as we have said, are comparative merits in the book:—they are, unwittingly, like the label honestly written on a pernicious poison. Volumes like these might tend to destroy the literary health of a community—were it not that luckily no one can swallow them.

General French and English Dictionary.—General English and French Dictionary. By A. Spiers. Whittaker & Co.

A more toilsome, tedious and discouraging task than that of the lexicographer can scarcely be imagined. The labour, both physical and intellectual, involved in the examination of such of the works of his predecessors as deserve notice,—in the comparison of their statements, the correction of their errors, the supply of their deficiencies, the improvement of their methods, and the arrangement of the materials which they furnish or suggest,—is obviously very great. Years of toil, days of weariness, and nights of patient study must be undergone to accomplish even thus much. But this is not all. The author of a dictionary worthy of public approbation must contribute largely from his own resources; and the additions continually made to language by the rapid advance of society in the application of science to the arts of life, renders this part of his duty as laborious as it is essential to the completeness of his work. If such be the toil of preparing a good dictionary of the lexicographer's own language, the task becomes far more onerous when a second living language is to be compared with the former. No wonder that Dr. Johnson though not unassisted should have required seven years for the completion of his great work—or that fourteen years should have elapsed since Dr. Spiers formed the plan of his dictionaries. And when the lexicographer's task is finished, what is his reward? According to Johnson,—"Every other author may aspire to praise; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompense has been granted to very few." No doubt there is here a touch of the Doctor's constitutional melancholy; but the picture though overdrawn is to a great extent true. The proverbial facility of finding fault is greater in the case of a dictionary than in that of almost any other literary production, owing to the very wide range of topics comprised within its scope.

Whoever, like Dr. Spiers, in the face of such discouragements is not satisfied with compiling

from his predecessors, or merely adding to their accumulations the words which have since come into vogue, but boldly ventures upon a plan of his own, involving a vast increase of labour, with a view to improvement in this useful department of literature, is entitled to respectful consideration for the excellence of his aim, even if he be but partially successful. For this reason we have thought it right to call the attention of our readers to the valuable work before us. It is remarkable for the abundance of information which it contains as compared with its bulk. Not only are all the most recently invented words in ordinary use to be found in its pages, but it is peculiarly rich in explanations of technical terms and phrases—whether scientific, artistic, mechanical, commercial, or legal—including the most modern. In gathering these materials Dr. Spiers has availed himself of the assistance of both French and English gentlemen familiar with the several departments from which he borrows expressions, as well as consulted the most distinguished works himself. Technological vocabularies prepared by different individuals have been communicated to him; and he has done what Johnson did not,—“visited the warehouses of merchants and shops of artificers to gain the names of wares, tools and operations of which no mention is found in books.” Hence, the large addition here made to the stock of words contained in other dictionaries is itself sufficient to give to the present a marked superiority.

Again, the various shades of meaning that each word is capable of expressing are plainly given,—and illustrated when necessary by suitable examples: a certain sign being prefixed to indicate whether the sense is proper, figurative or technical, good or bad, familiar, vulgar or elevated, and applicable to persons or to things. As examples of this peculiarity we may adduce the French words *composer*, *couleur*, *coup*, *effit*, *esprit*, *for* and *fond*; and the English words *check*, *cut*, *ground*, *run*. Especial care is taken to guard the reader against translating French words into English ones derived from them, and apparently equivalent, when they bear different meanings in the two languages:—as is not unfrequently the case. Hence, *actuellement* is rendered by *at present*—not, according to the usual practice of lexicographers, *actually*—and *emphasis* by *bombast*, instead of *emphasis*.

Compound words in one language which have single equivalents or are expressed by different compounds in the other, are given, while such as may be translated literally are suppressed. The following are instances of the former. *Brass-foil*, which is to be found in no English dictionary, is translated by the French *oripeau* or *cliquant*;—*grand-piano*, by *piano-de-gueue*. Under the word *coal* there are upwards of forty compounds, more than twenty of which are not given in any other dictionary. There are also seventy-six compounds of the French word *porte*, sixty of which are very rarely to be met with elsewhere, and twenty-nine found in no other similar work. The necessity of giving translations of these compounds is strikingly exhibited in the case of our word *mare's nest*; which the French express by *nid de lapin*, or *nid d'une souris dans l'oreille d'un chat*,—i. e. *rabbit's nest*, or *mouse's nest in a cat's ear*. The various meanings are well arranged, too: the original one standing first, and the rest following in the natural order of their derivation—those which are technical being arranged last in the alphabetical order of their designation. The distinction between words nearly synonymous is succinctly but clearly pointed out. The French words *jour* and *journée*, *neuf* and

nouveau, *soir* and *soirée*, *ennoblir* and *ennobler*, may serve as examples. We wish the author had distinguished better between our words *say*, *speak* and *tell*—*shall* and *will*—and the French *repondre* and *repliquer*.

The most valuable feature of the work remains to be mentioned:—viz., the insight which it gives into the idiomatic structure of the two languages. Dr. Spiers does not, like most English lexicographers, consider his work done when he has given translations of isolated words. He is alive to the numerous and important modifications of their meaning occasioned by their connexion together, and carefully notes their action and re-action upon each other. Thus, he tells us of the difference of meaning resulting from a difference of position in the case of such words as *grand*, *honnête*, *sacré*. He also mentions what prepositions or adverbs are used after particular adjectives or verbs, and what verbs govern the subjunctive mood. It might at first sight seem unnecessary to know more than the meanings of each separate word in order to combine them aright—and most compilers of dictionaries seem to have acted upon this supposition. But a very little experience in attempting to write or speak a foreign tongue is sufficient to show the erroneousness of such an opinion. There are certain combinations peculiar to each language. In one language a verb is followed by one preposition, while the equivalent verb in another language has altogether a different construction. Thus, in English we say *pleased with*, *angry with*; which the French translate by *content de*, *fâché contre*—i. e. literally, *pleased of*, *angry against*. Again, we talk of *laughing in a person's face*, which they express by *rire au nez*, i. e. *laughing at the nose*:—and so on. These peculiarities constitute the distinctive features of a language, enter into its very essence, and form the staple of daily intercourse: yet, strange to say, they are very much overlooked both by grammarians and by lexicographers. In this respect Dr. Spiers is honourably distinguished from his predecessors. His dictionaries are rich repositories of those idiomatic turns of expression, familiar sayings, and homely proverbs which are in hourly use, and which reveal so much of the national character. A residence of twenty years in Paris, combined with access to learned society, has enabled him to give the proper French of proverbial phrases,—which we have repeatedly sought for in vain from Parisians. The coins, weights and measures of one nation have been reduced as nearly as possible to those of the other:—the new system being adopted in each case.

The principal fault that we have to find with Dr. Spiers's work is, an excess of detail. Some of the examples seem to be superfluous—and occasionally we have thought a smaller number of meanings would have been sufficient. The author is somewhat deficient in the power of logical arrangement and simplification. There is a complexity of detail, which appears even in the preface; and the multiplicity of arbitrary signs and abbreviations renders the body of the work puzzling at first. But whatever deductions are to be made on these or any other grounds, we must express our hearty approbation of both the general plan and the execution of these volumes.

We observe, the author agrees with us in the opinion which we have more than once expressed as to the impossibility of conveying an adequate notion of the pronunciation of one language by means of the sounds of another. He refers for confirmation to his own attempt to do this:—which he fears is a failure.

L'Acadie; or, Seven Years' Explorations in British America. By Sir James E. Alexander.

[Second Notice.]

OPENING the second volume of Sir James Alexander's work, we plunge with him at last into the primeval forests of New Brunswick:—and here it is that his explorations fairly commenced.

It had long been deemed desirable by the British Government to connect Quebec and Halifax by a military road, which, traversing Canada East, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, should facilitate the passage of troops through those provinces, shorten the present distance of the mail route by one hundred and fifty miles, and open up new and vast regions for settlement. To effect these objects, it became necessary to survey the country through which the line of road—from five to six hundred miles in length—was proposed to be carried. New Brunswick required especially to be explored throughout its centre. This extensive province—having an area of twenty-eight thousand square miles—numbered a population in 1844 of only one hundred and seventy thousand souls. Its surface may be considered as one enormous forest; for the few settlements and the scanty population are as yet confined to the sea coast, and to the lower parts of the noble rivers that everywhere intersect its undulating surface. The survey was to be executed by three parties.—

“Each party was to consist of one officer, one assistant surveyor, one Indian guide, and eight attendants, woodsmen or lumberers. The engineer was to precede with his Indian henchman and another man, exploring and clearing with the axe partially; two more men were to follow, blazing or cutting a large slice of bark off each tree along the proposed line,—also clearing a track of six feet wide, by cutting down small trees and brush, for measuring by the chain of sixty-six feet. The assistant surveyor, with the large circumferentor compass with sights, would mark the direction of the line (the theodolite is too delicate for this in the woods), and the second assistant and a chain-bearer would follow, carefully measuring the line, the rest of the men to carry the packs, cook, and assist generally. On this exploration there were to be no beasts of burden, and the loads were to be carried on the men's backs. It was intended to maintain as straight a direction as possible,—avoiding, as far as practicable, all steep hills and deep and rapid streams, near which the line must pass. As a general rule, no part of the road was to be of a greater slope than one foot in twenty, which might be effected by making a *détour*, and thus turning any very steep hill,—care being taken, at the same time, to keep sufficiently high so as to avoid such marshes as might probably be found at their bases. The ancient road-makers did not seem to be aware of this simple fact, that the distance round the handle of a bucket is the same if it is held vertically or horizontally, since their practice was to go painfully straight over the tops of hills. The new country through which the exploration was to take place was to be carefully examined on the following points:—1st. The nature of the soil, as connected with road-making and as adapted for settling; 2nd, the nature of the timber, which latter is a good guide whereby to judge of the fertility of the soil.”

The outfit for the exploration was peculiar. Here is our author's account of his own dress.—

“I have always found that the best wear on the head was a grey felt hat, round-topped and broad-brimmed, like a Spaniard's; for the body, a couple of red flannel shirts, and two or three pair of strong drill trousers; for the feet, worsted socks, as also Indian leggings (as there was much swamp) of brown leather and moccasins all in one; these were fastened under the knee, over the trousers; also, as a change, a pair of lumberer's strong, black leather half-boots, water-proofed with grease, &c. For the evening and to sleep in, a Scotch bonnet, a coarse grey coat and warm trousers, also dry moccasins. On such a rough expedition, and where everything

was carried on men's backs, it was only possible to shave and wash all over and change clothes once a week. There were also a warm waistcoat with sleeves, comforter for the neck, Canadian red sashes to gird up the loins, and enable one the better to hold out; a couple of blankets rolled up in an oil-skin bag, which, spread out, kept me from the damp ground, and into which I could also creep if the rain beat on me. I had a good gun, to throw ball or shot, a powder-horn, a hunter's tomahawk or hunter's light axe, knives in scabbards, a 'tin tot' and iron spoon, fifty balls and ten pounds of shot, two pocket compasses, lines, hooks and four dozen flies, strike lights, housewife, with strong sewing materials, three large coarse towels, combs, scissors, &c., large veils, 'all round the hat,' and sewn up at the back of the neck for the mosquitoes and black flies."

Besides the provisions, the men carried the necessary instruments for surveying. All being finally adjusted, each shouldered his load, weighing about one hundred pounds,—and the party walked steadily into the forest. Having marked with the broad arrow and with miles 0 a hemlock tree on its confines, near the last settler's abode,—the work began. It will be seen by the following extract that surveying in primeval forests is not quite so easy a task as levelling for a line of railway in the fens of Lincolnshire.—

"Next morning, when the wind was sighing through the upper branches of the trees, and the woodpeckers, in black and white coats, were beginning to climb the tall stems, I roused all hands at five o'clock by means of a few blows with an axe-handle on one of the poles of my shed; all turned out of their blankets at once, and shaking themselves (the only toilette till Sunday came round), the breakfast of pork, biscuit, and tea was discussed, pipes were smoked, the tents were struck and packed, loads arranged, and by seven o'clock, the exploring, brushing out the line, and carrying the loads along it, was going on steadily. There were seventeen packs in all, and six men to carry them. They accordingly moved backwards and forwards along the line, and deposited their burdens after short trips. Mr. Blair attended to the circumferentor, and Mr. MacGill, with the chainman, John Bair, measured the line, and kept an account of the different sorts of wood we passed through,—which it was necessary to note as an indication of the soil on which they grew. I went ahead, axe on shoulder, and with a compass and haversack, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the Indian André, or I explored to the right and left, as occasion required. So all were at work simultaneously, and all were up at twelve at noon, which was the dinner hour. There was pork, biscuit, and tea again, and at half-past one the work went on as before till five p.m., when all hands 'made camp.' To vary the evening's meal, we had occasionally bean-soup, or some salt fish; from eight to ten, I read by the light of my lamp; the men were very glad to sleep after their day's fatigue, particularly the carriers. The anxious inquirer may now ask how many miles we got over in a day, suggesting 'eight or ten?' and will doubtless be surprised to hear that a mile and a quarter a day (though sometimes double that was accomplished) cut through the Bush, was considered a fair day's work, and yet we were regularly at it from morning till night. Be it remembered that in these primeval forests, which have been growing up since the deluge, decaying and renewed, entangled with prostrate trees and young and middle-aged growth of timber, we must hew our way painfully and with much heat of body in these hot summer months, when one usually streams with perspiration from eleven o'clock to six. At sunrise the thermometer was usually 60°, at noon, 75°, at sunset 65°; but in the dense forest there is, of course, little circulation of air; we heard the breeze at the top of the trees, but seldom felt it at their roots. In short, the air seems to stagnate there, and the closeness is oftentimes terrible to bear, especially as it is accompanied with, first, the minute black fly, the constant summer torment; the mosquito, with intolerable singing, the prelude of its sharp probe; the sand-fly, with its hot sting; the horse-fly, which seems to take the bit out of the flesh; and the large moose, or speckled-wing fly. We were never free

from flies of some kind or another, and I have seen the five different kinds just enumerated 'doing their worst' at the same time on our flesh, and the black pests digging into it and elevating their hinder end, like ducks searching below the surface of a pond. Yet, though the heat and flies did not improve one's appearance, or tend to one's comfort, there was no unmanly complaining among the men; they held out well, and their using no brandy helped us much; for those who do so, could not remain in these woods in summer. To a person accustomed, like myself, to severe exercise from boyhood, there would be no great difficulty in walking 'right on end' through the woods, with moccasins on feet and bearing a compass, axe, haversack, and blanket, any number of miles, say twenty or thirty a day, though to the uninitiated in forest walking, the constant lifting the leg high and striding over the prostrate trees, (the wind falls) wading through swampy places, getting oneself severely scratched and bruised, and the occasional pitch forward on one's face and hands from entangling the foot in roots or creeping shrubs, are sore trials. In surveying and chaining we require to go differently to work; we cannot chain over the bushes, but clearing them away, and all other obstructions, we measure carefully along the ground in this way:—The person at the head of the chain is provided with a number of pointed sticks; he carries the chain a-head to its length, and calling out to the man at the other end 'Set!' he at the same time plants a stick, and the other answering 'Down,' lays his end of the chain on the ground. The first goes on again, the second takes up the stick, and the same 'Set,' 'Down,' are repeated till all the sticks are expended by the first man, when he calls out 'Tally;' the second then keeps his reckoning by cutting with his knife a notch on a piece of wood hanging from his waist. Besides careful chaining being required on a survey, slow progress is occasioned in the forest by everything being carried on men's backs, and heavy loads of 'stuff' are necessary for a lengthened exploration."

As the party penetrated deeper into the wilderness their difficulties increased.—

"The woods became worse and worse, full of what the Americans call 'snarls,' that is, large and small timber, branches and second growth interlaced, and in places six and seven feet high. Cutting through these, or carrying the packs over them, with the thermometer at eighty in the shade, was very severe labour, and we could not halt; we must proceed, or we should exhaust our supplies. I felt greatly for the poor men, who did not complain to me; but I overheard one say, 'If this goes on, we shall be killed.' An open dry barren, clear of windfalls, at the end of a severe day's work was a god-send, and we reached a lake one thousand feet long, and with wild duck upon it. Here, where they were most required, fir boughs were very scarce, and the beds were made with ferns. We missed the elasticity and freshness of the fir, which is only to be equalled by that Scottish heather beloved by the deer stalker. The back of one man, who stripped to go into the lake, was completely scored with his load. At this place, the flies and mosquitoes were particularly venomous and annoying. We were kept in constant torment by them, and next morning there were very stiff legs in the party from the burnt woods, and swelled faces from the flies. The boots, moccasins, and clothes showed also great rents. We were in truth a goodly company."

Matters at length assumed a desperate complexion:—and in the following passage we are reminded of the sufferings of the gallant Franklin during that Arctic journey which happily yet remains without a recorded parallel. The party were now in the very heart of New Brunswick.—

"On the 8th, it was determined to make a bold effort to reach the Miramichi. We were up at four a.m., breakfasted on four crackers and a drink of water, and followed Duncan, the guide. He led through alder-beds, in which we sank to our knees, and got heavy falls, and I was deeply cut in the right hand with an axe. At last, seeing that the guide had completely lost himself and us too, and that the remains of a lumber-camp which he found was at least fifteen years old, and all the tracks

found were overgrown, I said to Colonel Hayne that it was absurd to follow these old tracks any longer, and that, as we were now evidently lost in the woods, I proposed to try and get the party to the Miramichi, with the assistance of my pocket-compass, which had done good service before. I now took the place of Duncan, and steered a N.E. course. Buchanan, my acting henchman, a Skye Highlander, a very willing, strong, and good man, ascended a tree by felling a young spruce against it, thus mounting a natural ladder; but he could make nothing of the country, except boundless forests and distant ridges. Continuing on, we found ourselves at the base of a wooded hill, and still pursuing a N.E. direction, which I was in hopes would cut some of the supposed windings of the Miramichi, we ascended painfully to the summit,—the poor men with the packs of blankets, frying pan, kettle, &c. being in a very reduced state. I pulled my belt to the last hole, and it then slipped down over my haunches. I sat down and looked at my leather leggings, and I thought that if we did not get out that day, they must be roasted and eaten to-morrow, moccasins and all; in fact, I was inclined to pound, roast, and eat them on the spot, having seen as indifferent fare used on a previous African expedition. All the party looked very pale and attenuated, and yet the remorseless flies continued to draw the blood out of us as greedily as ever. I climbed a high tree on the hill (which was granitic and about five or six hundred feet above the plains below), and I saw a vast prospect of forest ridges N.N.E. and E. of us, but not an eye in the wooded landscape,—no water, no river. I saw indications of a valley far before us, and N.E. of us. It was a long walk to it, but it seemed our only chance of escape. We stalked down the hill, and I expected every moment that the men would give in; but they did not, though often resting. One of the Scotchmen, reflecting on our case, said, 'We must just do the best we can; we've seen a good few of paths, but no the right way. If the loads were bottles, we might do better. It is very awkward!'—I now thought that our best plan was to follow the first brook we fell in with, running to the N. or N.E.; and at two p.m. the glad sound of rushing waters met our ears. We followed the stream; the ground rapidly fell, and our spirits and hopes rose. We found a recent lumber track, followed it, crossed a larger brook, foraging over a rocky bed, then passed a large lumber-camp, and at three p.m. we greeted with cheers the broad and sparkling waters of the Miramichi. We were, of course, all of us considerably torn and worn; the legs of my trousers were in shreds, and the back was burnt out of my jacket. It had been left on a log to dry, and the men had unwittingly made a fire there. Our skin was poisoned, body and limbs, with the flies, and our hunger was raging. Throwing off incumbrances, all who had hooks commenced wading and earnestly fishing; and salmon, trout, and chub, of one pound weight, soon rewarded our exertions. Hastily making fires, we roasted and ate the fish greedily before they were well warmed through, and our strength was restored. We had much reason to be thankful to Divine Providence for allowing us to escape from the forest, for if we had got involved in swamps, and thus been lost much longer, some of the party would most likely have perished."

All this required the strongest physical and moral courage to endure. Death in these wildernesses is of no uncommon occurrence. We are told of a surveyor who, having been so unfortunate as to lose the needle of his compass, wandered to and fro for several days in a condition of fearful suffering. Before happy unconsciousness blotted out the sense of his miseries, he wrote on slips of paper how he was lost, and sent them down the stream on split chips of wood; then, resigning himself to his fate, crawled amongst some alders and long grass,—and there lay down to die. The plague of insects in these forests, too, as will have been seen by the extracts that we have given, is almost beyond endurance. Sir James Alexander relates a story of a boy who had been lost for five days in the woods. Men went in search of him; and found him alive, but with his face destroyed

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by flies. He said that the owls swooped down and pecked at him—"thinking his face was raw meat!"—Undeterred, however, by these difficulties, Sir James and his party accomplished their task. The proposed line of road was laid down; and our author rested from his labours, in the belief that the "track" which he had "blazed" through the forests would be enlarged to a permanent roadway. But the mania for railways, which disorganized the commercial world of England in 1845 extended to British North America; and instead of the proposed road, nothing was now thought of but a grand trunk line of railway from Halifax to Quebec, six hundred miles long, through forests, swamps, and clearings,—to cost four or five millions of pounds, and to occupy some ten years in its construction. Sir James argued strongly in favour of his road; which he says could have been completed in two years, at a cost of £3,000,—thus opening out the country along its course at the end of 1847 for settlement. But the rail was in the ascendant.

Sir James and his little band have not, however, worked in vain. Their labours have yielded to Government much valuable information respecting the interior of New Brunswick:—a country which, though nearly as large as England, is scarcely known. It appears to be well adapted to the requirements of a settler. The numerous rivers abound with fish,—the soil is most productive,—and the mineral riches of the region, though yet imperfectly known, comprise at any rate that sure wealth of countries, coal and iron ore.

FLEMISH LITERATURE.

Jacob van Artevelde. By Henry Concience. 3 vols. Antwerp, Bushman.

THE author of this work is known to the English public by his 'Sketches of Flemish Life,' translated into our language by Mr. Trubner, 1847,—and by a biographical notice of him which appeared in the *Athenæum* two years ago [No. 1026]. This notice has drawn the attention of German writers to his merits; and in the translation into German of Concience's last work (Leipsic, 'Carl Lorch,') we find our biographical article referred to at considerable length.—In France, M. René Taillandier has made a judicious use of the same article in a paper published in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for March of the present year,—devoted to the examination of the influence which the writings of Concience have exercised over the literature of Belgium. We find, too, in the *Leipsic Nordischer Telegraph* for the 20th of April last, that it was to the pages of the *Athenæum* that Germany owed a knowledge of this Flemish author and of the remarkable incidents of his life.

Since, then, our former articles on Concience's literary labours have not been unfruitful in extending a knowledge of Belgian genius in our own and in foreign lands,—some account of one of the same writer's last productions will probably not be unacceptable to our readers.—This work, 'Jacob van Artevelde,' has had a prodigious sale in Belgium. While the original sheets were going through the press at Antwerp, a German translation was proceeding at Leipsic; and the public feeling of the people of Belgium as to the merits of the author may be shown by mentioning that the magistrates of the town of Ghent have communicated a vote of thanks to Concience for his having dispelled one of the darkest spots which hung over the past history of their famous city.

Though this work appears in the character of a novel, it is purely historical in all its details. These are varied and interesting in a high degree. The author has been indefatigable in

his researches into public documents—and his exertions have not been unrequited. He has turned over a great deal of new mould, and has been enabled to give an entirely new feature to some of the most important and memorable events in his country's history immediately subsequent to the lifetime of his hero. The author gives historical authority for all the facts from which he has drawn inferences at variance with those deduced by other writers:—and has thereby established his reputation for impartiality and love of truth. The work is, consequently, full of new and interesting matter, which is presented to the reader in a vivid style that forbids his attention to flag during the narrative. England and English policy generally play a conspicuous part in the pages of this novel. Indeed, the social, commercial and political relations between the two countries constitute the principal features of the work.

The volumes commence by a correct and lively description of that public square in Ghent, called Vrydagmarkt, so memorable in the annals of the city, and where the destiny of its inhabitants has so often been decided. In the month of December 1337, a fearful famine broke out in the place, and slew the people by hundreds. An appalling description of this calamity is given:—into the midst of which the author introduces striking portraits of many of the leading characters who distinguished themselves in those times of trial and misery.—The distressed and maddened burghers apply to Artevelde—who is looked up to as one of the wisest and most patriotic men in the city—for advice and assistance in the dire extremity in which they are placed. But the skill of Artevelde could not feed the thousands of his fellow-citizens when every town in Flanders was suffering from the same want—consequent in a chief degree on the entire prostration of trade and commerce. He addresses them in language suited to their and his condition; pointing to France as their great enemy and the real source of all their privations. The speech is a fine specimen of vehement and impassioned eloquence. Gerard Denis, a personal enemy of Artevelde's, endeavours by every artifice in his power to thwart the latter's influence and obliterate the impressions made by his eloquence on the burghers. With this view he instigates the person called the *King of the Ribalds* to excite a prejudice against Van Artevelde. The kingly character of this person who cuts such a prominent figure in the history of the middle ages, is appropriately and beautifully drawn by Concience—and forms one of the most interesting passages in his volumes.

Notwithstanding, however, the base and factious purposes of Denis, Van Artevelde is chosen governor of the city. On being invested with this power, he commences at once to make the arrangements best fitted to increase the permanent happiness, power and wealth of his native place. But as all these measures are pointedly adverse to the interests of France, the king of that country sends a powerful army against Artevelde. The latter, seeing his critical position, resolves on seeking the assistance of Edward of England to enable him to shake off this French bondage. He takes advantage of the barbarous murder of his father-in-law to call the Flemings to arms. The King of England and the Duke of Brabant hold a council together at Brussels, at which Artevelde attends; and he advises the monarch to lay claim to the French throne, and quarter at once the arms of France with his own. This advice is followed. Flanders and Brabant enter into a treaty with each other—and combine to demand the protection of Edward, as natural Lord of the country by virtue of his

newly-assumed position as King of France. Both Flanders and England make preparations for going to war. Through the intrigues, however, of the French court, Edward gives up the cause of the Flemings, in which he had so recently manifested his sympathy and zeal. Artevelde determines, however, not to yield to the oppressor—and declares to both England and France that his people are bent on shedding the last drop of their blood in maintenance of their just rights and liberties.

After a variety of incidents—by means of which the author contrives to enchain the interest of his readers and move their passions and sympathies to the highest pitch,—the work, scrupulously faithful to history amid all the skill of management with which the materials are handled, closes with a description of the murder of Jacob van Artevelde and of the promotion of his son Philip to the direction of public affairs in Flanders.

It is difficult to give any extracts from this work. All its parts are so closely and consequentially linked together, that a great portion of the brilliancy and beauty of the descriptions would be necessarily lost in quotation. We may affirm, however, on its evidence, that Concience is without doubt one of the best writers of Flemish literature.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Toil and Trial; a Story of London Life. By Mrs. Newton Crosland (late Camilla Toulmin).—This is an attempt to wrestle with one of the great social evils by means of that instructive fiction which is sometimes more efficacious as a weapon of extermination than mere didactic truth. In this 'Story of London Life,' Mrs. Crosland takes for her argument the principles of the early-closing movement; and shapes them into a narrative of every-day suffering,—the unpretending truthfulness of which constitutes its chief merit. The struggles of Jasper Rivers and his patient, intelligent, and much-enduring wife read like a piece of biography:—so much so, that the introduction of the usual "old friend of the family" to lend a helping hand seems as a flaw in the simplicity of the story. This common form of the *Deus ex machina* was not needed here,—and the moral loses something of its persuasive eloquence from their intervention. Mrs. Crosland had contrived to inspire us with a confidence that the hero and heroine could "help themselves;" and thereby that the old-fashioned moral of "virtue rewarded" would rise into the higher one of "virtue its own reward." Nevertheless, the work which she had at heart Mrs. Crosland's pen has well performed. The morality and the social economy of the question are both clearly produced and cleverly enforced: and the writer has the great merit for a reform teacher of not alienating her hearers by extravagant doctrine. The book is quite wholesome,—and well calculated to help an important movement.—The volume contains two other tales; in each of which the popular form of fictitious narrative is applied to the exposition of important social arguments. *The Iron Rule* discusses the question of moral education in families:—*A Story of the West End* adopts the cause of the toiling milliner. In all three Mrs. Crosland has found worthy occupation for a woman's pen,—since she is content to speak the language of her sex on questions of political economy.

The Jews. Judea and Christianity. A Discourse on the Restoration of the Jews. By M. M. Noah.—This discourse is written by a Jew of note in the United States; and is addressed not to his own community, but to the general public. The spirit in which the subject is handled does him credit: the charity and kindness of tone honour alike hearers and speaker. Much, however, as our respect is challenged for the utterer of this discourse, we cannot but smile at the ready way in which he disposes of all the obstacles to the return of his brethren to their promised land. The Mohammedan Empire he takes it for granted is at an end. Russia, he says, will occupy Constantinople and Asia Minor.—England will seize Egypt, the highway to her

eastern possessions—Austria will take Italy—France will swallow up Africa. These changes he thinks will necessitate the creation of a wealthy and powerful and mediating empire in Syria,—to hold Russia in check on one side, England on the other. Thus the children of Israel must be sent back to Jerusalem to become the mediators and the balance between the great powers! There is no great harm in such speculations:—and if they be a comfort to the exile in his solitude, rude would be the hand that should apply to them the scalpel of too cold a reason and too severe a criticism.

Urgent Reasons for reviving the Synodal Functions of the Church. By the Rev. T. P. Wright, M.A.—A curious hodge-podge, composed of extracts from books, sermons, reviews, and magazine articles, left unconnected by means of a running commentary due to Mr. Wright. "The Church is in danger," cries the writer:—and then what follows may be easily imagined. The way to restore influence to the Church, it is said, is to make it independent of the lay parliament; and this can be done by reviving the clerical parliament or synod of earlier times. Mr. Wright stands by his order, as he is bound to do. Whether Government will be convinced by his "urgent reasons" may be doubtful:—it being already too deeply committed to the task of reforming some of its historical abuses in the sister country.

Railway Management. A Letter to George Carr Glyn, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the London and North-Western Railway Company. By John Whitehead.—It is sufficient for us to place the title of this pamphlet on record, and to explain that it was written before some recent disclosures had given a new interest to its subject.

A System of Elocution, with special Reference to Gesture, to the Cure of Stammering, and Defective Articulation: comprising numerous Diagrams, and engraved Figures illustrative of the subject. By Andrew Comstock, M.D.—Within a few years past, we remember numerous books called works on elocution, and several that have treated the matter with great ability—but none with greater pretensions and few with more solid merits than Dr. Comstock's. Elocution is not an inspiration, neither is a graceful delivery born with every man. These require labour and study. Perfection is arrived at through perseverance. Some of our readers may perhaps laugh at many of Dr. Comstock's diagrams—at his face-making and posturing; but these may be useful to give flexibility to the features and roundness to the movements of the limbs. Grace of oratorical action may be born out of such grotesqueries—just as the fairy ease and lightness of a Tagliani grow out of the agony of the long exercises. They who are aspiring to the honours of public speaking may consult the chapters on gesture in Dr. Comstock's book.

A Visit to the Catacombs, or First Christian Cemetery at Rome, and a Midnight Visit to Mount Vesuvius. By Selina Bunbury.—Forty pages of good orthodox twaddle, on subjects of which the writer knows little, and has nothing to say which can be of interest to anybody out of her own fire-side circle.

A Letter to Major-General Sir Archibald Galloway, K.C.B., Chairman of the Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company. On the Navigation of the River Indus. By Lieut. John Wood.—A few years ago a company was formed in England to navigate the Indus, but the project was never carried into execution. Though the river is navigable as far as Attock, 940 miles from the sea, there is as yet little or no traffic upon it. The reasons are these: there are very few large towns on its banks—the people who dwell in its vicinity are for the most part wretchedly poor—there has hitherto been but little security in transits, and no fixed and regular conveyances. Steam, however, which has revolutionized the water-courses of Europe and America, must soon do the same for Asia. The short time which has elapsed since the failure of the first attempt to place steam-boats on the Indus, has been rich to us in gifts tending to make the enterprise less a matter of risk. Our knowledge of the river and its banks has been greatly improved, and the wealthy countries watered by its copious tributaries have been annexed to our empire. The navigation of the Indus is now as much under our control as that of the Ganges, or even of the Thames. A good deal of information with respect to the great river of western India and

its feeders is to be found in Mr. Wood's brochure:—to which the reader may be referred.

Canada: its Financial Position and Resources. By the Hon. Francis Hincks, M.P.P.—Mr. Hincks is a member of the Executive Council, and Inspector-General of the Province. It may, therefore, be assumed that he speaks with authority on the subject of our American colony; but of course with the bias also of a party concerned. He makes it appear that the Canadas are solvent and loyal, and is particularly complimentary to the Government which employs him in its service. The events of the last two months form a curious appendix to Mr. Hincks's pamphlet.

Naval Financial Reform. A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir F. T. Baring, Bart., M.P. By J. S. Tucker.—Mr. Tucker is one of those who believe that England could not exist, nor the peace of Europe be maintained for a day, without a British naval force powerful enough to annihilate all the other navies in the world. The progress of ship-building in France, in Russia, and in America consequently fills him with alarm. The war-vessels of the Autocrat are said to outnumber ours already. The wild project, attributed on newspaper authority to Admiral Lalande, of destroying, with ten sail of the line, all our Mediterranean squadrons, and then invading Ireland, and chastizing perfidious England in 1840, still haunts him like a vampire; and the six thousand whaling boats in the Pacific, add to all the steam-tugs on the great inland rivers, indicate a naval power in the "States" which causes him yet more alarm. Mr. Tucker would straightway set the dockyards in motion, and place all our "liners" on a war footing. But with all his warlike tendencies, and his expressed contempt for the "Manchester school" and the doctrines of peace, he is an advocate for economy. He admits the abuses of our dockyards; and offers some—and promises more—suggestions for diminishing the expenditure therein. So far the man of peace and retrenchment may accept the help of Mr. Tucker.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Brown's (Dr. J.) Discourses on the last of St. Peter, 2nd ed. 2 vols. 21s.
Bromley's (C. H.) Pupil Teacher's English Grammar, 2nd ed. 2s. 6d.
Byrne's (Oliver) Method of Calculating Logarithms, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Caxtons (The), a Family Picture, by Sir E. B. Lytton, 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Daniel's (W. F.) Medical Topography and Diseases of Guinea, 10s. 6d.
Davidson's (Dr. S.) Introduction to the New Testament, Vol. II. 12s. 6d.
Ewins's (Rev. F.) Sermons at Bath, 2nd series, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Franklin's Life, &c. by John Stanley, 4s. 1s. swd.
Green's (Rev. T. S.) Greek-English Lexicon to New Test. new ed. 4s. 6d.
Guy's Hospital Reports, Vol. VI. 1840, new series, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Hassall's Microscopic Anatomy, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. 2s. cl.
Hill's (Rev. P. G.) Voyage to Slave Coast of Africa, 12mo. 1s. cl. swd.
Hough's (Rev. T.) Sermons at Ham Common, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Houghton's (Rev. W.) Examination of Calvinism, 2nd ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Latham's (Dr. J.) History and Etymology of the English Language, 12s. 6d.
Landon's (Rev. E. H.) Ecclesiastical Dictionary, Vol. I. 12mo. 12s. cl.
Lord of the Manor, by T. Hall, 2 vols. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Longfellow's (H. W.) Outpouring, a Pilgrimage, royal 32mo. 2s. cl. gilt.
Michell's (N.) Ruins of Many Lands, 2nd and enlarged ed. post 8vo. 3s.
Ogilvie's (The), a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl.
Roland Braderley, by the Author of "Raby Rattler," new ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Saintes's (A.) Critical History of Rationalism, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Shirley's (Bishop) Letters and Memoirs, ed. by Archdeacon Hill, 14s.
Staunton's (H.) Chess Player's Text-Book, 12mo. 3s. swd.
Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks, &c. 2nd ed. post 8vo. 9s. cl.
Warner's (Capt.) Fair Play 'a Jewel (on National Defence), 8vo. 6s. cl.
Yonge's (C. D.) English-Greek Lexicon, 4to. 11s. cl.
Zottli's Grammaire Italienne, new ed. by Veroni, 12mo. 8s. roan lettrd.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE extreme interest which has been felt by the public in the fate of the long-missing Arctic Expedition has been strongly illustrated by the avidity with which the report of its ascertained existence in March last was received. Seizing eagerly on the asserted fulfilment of a long-deferred hope, the press at once announced the actual safety of Sir John Franklin and his party; and as news generally travels with the properties of an avalanche, swelling in importance with every step, many hours had not elapsed before the return of the *Erebus* and *Terror* in the course of the present month was spoken of as an almost certain event. For ourselves, we had misgivings, which we thought it right to hint at even in that first moment of excitement:—and we have since, with the coolness which a week of reflection gives, set ourselves carefully to weigh the arguments for and against the trustworthiness of the evidence offered. We are bound to say, even for the sake of those whose disappointment will be sorest if disappointment there shall finally be, that this inquiry has yielded a result wholly unsatisfactory to ourselves.

It will be remembered that the *Advice* whaler accompanied the *Truelove* in her recent passage to Lancaster Sound in search of the Expedition, on the

faith of the narration of the *Esquimaux*. On board the former ship Mr. Robert Goodair, the brother of Prof. Goodair of Edinburgh, was embarked, with the touching purpose of assisting personally to seek after information respecting Sir John Franklin's ships,—in one of which his brother Henry had gone out as surgeon and naturalist. His letters to his relatives in Scotland, descriptive of his hopes and fears, have been obligingly placed in our hands, to assist us in estimating by private evidence from the spot the reports which were likely to reach us through public channels. We will give Mr. Goodair's version of the same report which has reached the Admiralty through the *Truelove*,—for the sake of some variations which it contains.—

"Off Cape Macculloch, Aug. 1, 1843.

"We this morning had what might have been considered as cheering intelligence of the Expedition:—Mr. Parker, the master of the *Truelove*, of Hull, came on board to breakfast, and informed us that some *Esquimaux*, who had been on board the *Chieftain*, of Kirkcaldy, had sketched a Chart and pointed out to Mr. Kerr where both Sir John Franklin's and Sir James Ross's ships were lying,—the former being at Whaler Point, the latter at Fort Jackson, at the entrance to Prince Regent's Inlet. Sir John Franklin had been beset in his present position for three winters. Sir James Ross had travelled in sledges from his own ship to Sir John Franklin's. They were all alive and well. The *Esquimaux* himself had been on board all the four ships three moons ago,—i.e. about the end of April or beginning of May. Mr. Parker seemed confident as to the correctness of this information; and as his ship is nearly full, and he will proceed homewards very shortly, Mr. Kerr had given him the Chart which he said he intended to forward to the Admiralty, and to inform them of what he had learnt. All this was very pleasing intelligence; but when I began to consider I soon saw much to throw doubt upon its correctness and authenticity. First, there was the extreme difficulty of extracting correct information of any kind from the *Esquimaux* even by those best acquainted with their habits and language. A leading question they are sure to answer in the affirmative. Then, there is the great unlikelihood of Sir John Franklin's being beset at a spot so comparatively near to the constant resort of the whalers during the months of July and August—Pond's Bay and its neighbourhood—for three summers and three winters without sending down despatches to them by the light boats fitted on sledges."

It will be observed that this letter enters into greater detail than that of Mr. Ward, communicated by the Admiralty to the public. The actual position of the two Expeditions is here given; and it is stated that communication between them had been effected by means of sledges. Mr. Goodair's letter also places the date at which the ships of the two Expeditions had been seen by the natives five or six weeks later than the Admiralty account,—a fact itself showing looseness and uncertainty. Doubts—very reasonably founded, we think,—of the trustworthiness of the *Esquimaux*'s report had already arisen in the minds of Mr. Goodair and his companions; nevertheless, with a spirit of noble enterprise, the *Advice* joined the *Truelove* in an attempt to reach Regent's Inlet for the solution of the question. Under the date of the 2nd of August, when off Cape Water Bathurst, Mr. Goodair writes:—

"You may conceive how delighted I am to find the *Advice* now running rapidly into Lancaster Sound with a smart breeze, and one, too, likely to last. If there is only land ice in Navy Board and Admiralty Inlet we are sure to get whales,—which will justify the master in taking this step. Had the other vessels been poorly fitted many of them would have made the attempt to run up the Sound—as it is, none of them will now do it."

Mr. Goodair's hopes of getting through the Sound—which as we have seen had a private motive to enhance the public one—were not of long duration. On the 10th of August he writes from Navy Board Inlet:—

"Since I last wrote we have had such a series of gales and storms that I have been unable to put pen to paper. About 4 o'clock on Saturday morning the 4th it came on to blow from the eastward with thick weather. We had little or no ice hitherto, and what we had seen was exceedingly light. Everything looked well, and we were very sanguine that we should be able to gain some intelligence of the Expedition. Before it came on thick we could make out what we took to be Prince Leopold's Island at the mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, and the ice apparently stretching right across the Sound; but the thickness came on so rapidly and the gale increasing to a perfect hurricane prevented us making out anything accurately."

Thus baffled, the party were obliged to give up further search. The ships were driven down the Sound; and all that could be done was to land some Admiralty cylinders and provisions on Cape

* We earnestly recommend our readers who are interested in the subject of this paper, and desire to follow out the argument advantageously, to procure the Admiralty Chart of the Arctic seas,—which alone contains the names of the various capes, heads, bays, &c. Let them be careful to ask for the Chart corrected to 1847.

On board the brother of the ship, with the aim to seek after the ship's crew. It is gone out to his relatives and fears, have to assist us in the spot the through public version of the finally through rations which

Aug. 1, 1849. been considered as Mr. Parker, one on board the ship, who had been sketched a both Sir John and Sir James Ross, the Port Jackson, three winters, in his own ship and well. The four ships will be beginning the correctness of the fact, and Mr. Kerr had given forward to the had learnt. All when I began doubt upon it was the extreme of any kind acquainted with the question they are here is the great secret at a spot to the whalers of the Bay and its three winters with the light boats

ter enters into communicated the actual position; and it is them had been Sir's letters also the two Expeditions or six weeks — a fact itself Doubts — very the trustworthiness already arisen companions — enterprise, the attempt to reach the question. when off Cape

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a series of papers sent pen to paper. 4th: It came on to rather. We had seen was excused and we were very some intelligence that we could make it's Island at the the ice apparently the thickness came a perfect hurricane. I gave to give up the down the the was to land visions on Cape

who are interested to follow out the Admiralty that the names of the be careful to ask

Hay. Though eager to have this sea swept for intelligence, it is remarkable that in no part of his letters does Mr. Goodsir allude to that given by the Esquimaux excepting as being unworthy of confidence. The arguments on this side of the question are too many to permit us to differ from Mr. Goodsir's view. It must surely strike most persons on reflection as remarkable that the Esquimaux should have no "papers" or voucher to show in confirmation of the alleged fact of their having been on board the Expedition ships. The chances of such a document coming somewhere to hand could never have been overlooked by men in the position of Sir John Franklin's crews:—and, indeed, it is inconceivable that the officers of the several ships would have allowed such an opportunity to escape as the visits of Esquimaux afforded without employing them as instruments of communication with the whalers. In the Admiralty Instructions to Sir James Ross, that officer is desired to secure the Investigator in the winter of 1848 as near Cape Rennell as possible. From that position a considerable extent of coast, say the Instructions, may be explored on foot; and in the following spring (1849) detached parties are to be sent across the ice by Capt. Bird "in order to look thoroughly into the creeks along the western coast of Boothia, and even as far as Cape Nicolai." So soon as the summer should have opened a passage between the land and the main body of ice, the steam launches are ordered to be sent into Lancaster Sound to meet the whalers. We have here something tangible to deal with. The Instructions which we have quoted were prepared by a board of eminent Arctic officers; and we find that a journey from Cape Rennell to Cape Nicolai, following the indentations of the coast in the spring of this year, is considered as perfectly practicable. We say nothing about the return journey—but we presume that the boats would not winter apart from the ships. Now, if Sir James Ross, according to the report, passed the winter of 1848 at Port Jackson, Regent's Inlet, and was aware (as the Esquimaux say he was) of Franklin's safety, it does appear extraordinary that parties were not despatched by him across the ice in the present spring or summer to communicate with the whalers:—which, be it observed, he is ordered to do. The distance between the two points is very much less than that from Cape Rennell to Cape Nicolai. Mr. Goodsir on more than one occasion expresses his astonishment that "no word has come down from Sir James Ross"—as he declares that the officers of the Expedition were perfectly aware that the whalers would be in Pond's Bay during the entire month of July. In fact—to repeat ourselves—supposing Sir James Ross to be where the report places him, the road to the whalers was as open to him as to the Esquimaux who brought that report. That he should have made no communication by his own messengers, nor given any document to authenticate the communication made by the Esquimaux, throws, in our opinion, very serious discredit on the report itself. Finally, it is yet more difficult to conceive that if Sir John Franklin had been frozen up for three winters in the spot indicated, he should have spared no volunteers from his Expedition to carry the news of his whereabouts to any station through which it might have reached those whom his silence delivered over to doubt, deepening into despair, at home.

This is so melancholy a view of the case, that we are glad to find, and to report, that an opposite one is entertained by those who may be considered the great Arctic authorities. We have caused inquiries to be made—and such is the result. Sir George Back, who has had great intercourse with the native Esquimaux, declares "that he never knew an Indian or an Esquimaux tracing to fail; and after deliberately weighing all the information, he is of opinion that four ships answering to those composing the two Expeditions were seen some time in the spring of this year by the Esquimaux; but whether in Prince Regent's Inlet or to the westward of Boothia is uncertain." Capt. Parry, Col. Sabine and Admiral Beaufort are all in favour of the truth of the Esquimaux report.

We are sorry to hear from unquestionable authority that the munificent reward offered by Government for the relief of the missing Expedition has had no effect in instigating any of the whalers to

search for the ships, with the exception of the True-love and the Advice. Sent out for the one important object of whaling, the captains, doubtless, feel that unless armed with the fullest discretionary powers from their employers, the owners of the ships, they would not be warranted in running any risk by deviating from the course in pursuit of whales.

The dangers of the Arctic seas have been again brought painfully before us by the loss of two whalers this year in Melville Bay: and all accounts agree in stating that Lancaster Sound was barred in the month of August by a solid body of ice stretching across the straits to Admiralty Inlet. Thus, in consequence of her lateness of sailing, it is very doubtful whether the North Star, the ship sent out this year with provisions for the Expeditions, has effected a communication with the ships. Mr. Goodsir says:—"There are a hundred chances against the North Star being able to communicate with the Expeditions this year. Had she only been sent out in time, she would have got through Melville Bay along with the fleet of whalers with the greatest ease and safety up the Sound early in July."

We may mention that Mr. Goodsir's last letter bears the date of August the 22nd; at which time he was in latitude 68° 30'—far too much to the south to glean any intelligence respecting the Expeditions.

That all our more reasonings on the probabilities of the case may ultimately be disproved by the fact, we, in common with those who are more sanguine than ourselves in their reception of the report, earnestly desire. One of the latter has addressed to us the following letter:—which proceeds on the assumption that Sir John Franklin will be found where the Esquimaux sketch has placed him.

The gratifying intelligence which appeared in the last number of the *Athenæum*, announcing the probable safety of Sir John Franklin and his party in Prince Regent's Inlet, cannot fail to give a fresh impulse to the efforts which are being made for the extrication of the devoted men from their present perilous and distressing situation. I owed to your courtesy (previously to the departure of Sir John Richardson from England two years ago) the insertion in the *Athenæum* of a communication, in which a plan for their rescue at that early period was detailed.* I venture to believe there are few who will take the trouble to peruse that communication who will not feel convinced that had that plan been adopted by Sir John Franklin and his party would by this time have been safely landed in England. The predictions which, from the experience derived from a prolonged residence in the Arctic regions of North America, I ventured to make with respect to the probable position of the missing Expedition (now ascertained to be "in the neighbourhood of North Somerset Land", and at the same time as to the likelihood of success of the several parties who were being despatched to afford it relief, have, I need scarcely say, been fulfilled to the letter. Sir John Richardson has returned without any tidings of the objects of his search; and Sir James Ross, pushing forward with his characteristic eagerness and intrepidity, has himself got entangled in the ice,—and thus both the seeker and the sought have become involved in one common calamity. It has therefore become, if possible, an object of still more grave and urgent importance to devise some effectual means for their speedy and safe return to England. It is with great respect for those whose opinions differ from my own as to the mode in which this desirable object is to be accomplished, but at the same time with an undiminished confidence in the soundness of the reasoning and the eminent practicability of the plan I suggested, that I venture once more to submit it for consideration. Without entering into details which must be modified to the particular circumstances and exigencies of the case, its chief features are these.—Despatch one or more vessels with stores, as early next spring as the state of the navigation will permit, either to Chesterfield Inlet, Wager River, or Repulse Bay, or to all three, as may be considered advisable, for the purpose of establishing depôts of provisions, &c. at spots distant only a few miles from Prince Regent's Inlet, with which communications could readily be established by means of the intermediate lakes and rivers. From these stations exploring parties could be organized and despatched in every direction, guided and assisted by small parties of the Esquimaux, who being in this neighbourhood partially civilized, by intercourse with the traders at Fort Churchill, would by prospects of reward being held out to them be readily induced to engage actively in the general search,—a service in which, it is needless to say, they would prove able and valuable auxiliaries. Franklin and his party discovered (which they could not fail to be by such means), no difficulty would be experienced in bringing them to one or other of the exploring stations, where they would find the necessary means ready for their immediate conveyance to England.

From the unsuccessful attempts of Captain Back and Captain Lyons, it would appear that Repulse Bay and Wager River are not at all times to be reached. Any objection, however, founded on this circumstance could not apply to Chesterfield Inlet,—which, opening into Hudson's Bay, is at all times accessible. Both this inlet and Wager River are well known to be nothing more than the *estuaries* of a vast number of lakes and streams; whose accumulated

waters pouring into them from every direction, and swollen by the melting of the snows in the spring, must at a very early period break up the ice formed in them during the winter, and thus obviate any apprehension that might be entertained of the vessels seeking their shelter being arrested by the ice.† As both these Inlets reach an immense distance into the land (Chesterfield Inlet nearly 300 miles), they afford the double advantage of a ready access to the Gulf of Boothia, where Franklin is supposed to be detained, and a secure harbour for shipping. The country also in the neighbourhood is tolerably well adapted for residence. Wood is procurable at many places, the lakes and rivers are well stored with fish, and at a certain season of the year the rein-deer literally swarm in every direction (see *Hearn's Narrative*).

Referring those who take an interest in the subject to my previous communication, in which the numerous advantages of some such plan as that which I have ventured to recommend are fully dwelt upon,—

I have, &c. A. K. IBESTER.

Oct. 9.

THE TABLE-LAND OF THIBET.

In April last [see *ante*, p. 431] we had occasion to speak of the first-fruits of Dr. Hooker's mission to explore the botanical and physical character of the Himalaya. He had ascended the eastern extremity, within sight of the great snowy range, of which the peak Kinchin-junga, altitude 28,172 feet, is the loftiest yet known in the world,—and was anxiously waiting in the environs of Darjeeling, with the view of reaching the great table-land of Thibet, and determining the questions submitted to him by Humboldt relative to its elevation and snow lines.* Owing to the jealousy with which the frontiers are guarded by the Chinese and Sikkim tribes, and the difficulty of obtaining provisions and guides, it was some months before Dr. Hooker could make the pass. This, however, has been effected:—as the following letter describes.—

Tungu, N.E. Sikkim, alt. 13,500 ft., July 25, 1849. I have at length carried my point, and stood upon the table-land of Thibet, beyond the Sikkim frontier, at an elevation of 15,500 ft., at the back of the great range of snowy mountains. The pass is about ten miles north of this. We had Thibetan ponies, mounted thereon *à la Tartare*; but I walked a considerable part of the way, collecting many new plants. The Thibetans come over the frontier in summer to feed their Yaks, and reside in horse-hair tents. I entered one, and was much amused with a fine Chinese-looking girl, a jolly laughing wench, who presented me with a slice of curd. These people eat curd with herbs, milk, and Fagopyrum bread—only the richer can afford to purchase rice. They have two sorts of churn: one is a goat-skin, in which the cream is enclosed and beaten, stamped upon and rolled; the other is an oblong box, a yard in length, full of rhododendron twigs, frosted with butter—and maggots. Some miles farther we reached the tents of Peppin, the Lachen Soubah, and were most graciously received by his assistant and family. The whole party squatted on the ground within the tent, myself seated at the head on a beautiful Chinese mat. The lady of the Soubah made tea, adding salt and butter, and each produced our Bhotia cup, which was always kept full. Curd, parched rice, and beaten maize were handed liberally round. Our fire was of juniper wood, and the utensils of clay, moulded at Djirachi, except the bamboo chum, in which the tea, salt, and butter were churned. The wind whistled about the horizon. South-east Kinchin-jow, a flat-topped mass of snow, altitude 20,000 ft., rose abruptly from rocky cliffs and piles of debris. South-west was Chomolomo, equally snowed; while southward, between these mountains, the plateau dipped into the funnel-mouth head of the Lachen valley. Here I had an opportunity of solving the great problem—the Elevation of the Snow Line. Strange to

† See Ellis's "Voyage in the Dobbs and California" for a minute and accurate description of these Inlets.

* "Que je suis heureux d'apprendre [says Humboldt] que vous allez pénétrer dans ces belles vallées de l'Himalaya, et même au-delà vers Ladak et les plateaux du Thibet, dont la hauteur moyenne, non confondue avec les des cimes qui s'élèvent dans le plateau même, est un objet digne de recherche. * * * Eclaircir le problème de la hauteur des neiges perpétuelles à la pente méridionale et à la pente septentrionale de l'Himalaya en vous rappelant les données que j'ai réunies dans le troisième volume de mon *Asie Centrale*."

say, there was not a particle of snow to be seen anywhere on route, right or left, nor on the great mountains for 1,500 ft. above my position. The snow line in Sikkim lies on the Indian face of the Himalayan range, at below 15,000 ft.,—on the Tibetan (northern) slope at above 16,000! I felt greatly delighted, and made a hasty sketch of the surrounding scenery:—somewhat rude, for at this great elevation my temples throb, and I reek with sickness.

Just above 15,000 ft. all the plants are new, but the moment you reach the table-land nine-tenths of them disappear. Plants that are found at 12-13,000 ft. on the Indian approaches to Tibet, do not ascend to the top of the Pass; still, as I always expected, at the turning point where the alpine Himalayan vegetation is to be soon replaced by Tibetan sterility, there is a sudden change in the flora, and a development of species which are not found farther south, at equal altitudes in the Himalaya. We made a fire of Yak dung dried, and blew it up with bellows of goat skin, armed with a snout of Yak's horn. My poor Lepchas were benumbed with cold. I stayed an hour and a half on the Tibetan side of the frontier, and obtained good barometrical observations, and others with boiling water,—but the latter process is infinitely the more troublesome. On our return the weather cleared magnificently, and the views of the great mountains already named rising perpendicularly exceeded any that I ever beheld. For 6,000 ft. they rise sheer up and loom through the mist overhead; their black wall-like faces patched with ice, and their tabular tops capped with a bed of green snow, probably from 200 to 300 ft. thick. Southerly down the glen the mountains seem to low hills, to rise again in the parallel of the great chain, 20 miles south, to perpetual snow, in rugged peaks. We stopped again at Peppin's tent for refreshment, and I again took horse. My stubborn, intractable, unshod Tartar pony never missed a foot. Sharp rocks, deep stony torrents, slippery paths, or pitch darkness, were all the same to him. These ponies are sorry looking beasts; but the Soubah, who weighs 16 stone, rode down the whole 30 miles of rocks, stones, streams, and mountains; and except to stop and shake themselves like a dog, with a violence that nearly unhorsed me, neither his steed nor mine exhibited any symptoms of fatigue. Fever rages below from Chootam to Darjeeling. My people behave admirably, and I never hear a complaint; but I find it very hard to see a poor fellow come in, his head laid behind, staggering with fever, which he has caught by sleeping in the valleys; eyes sunk, temples throbbing, pulse at 120, and utterly disabled from calling up the merry smile with which the kind creatures always greet me. We have little rain, but much mist; and I find great difficulty in keeping my plants in order. Do not be alarmed for me about fever, for I shall not descend below 6,000 ft. I have not been below 10,000 ft. for the last two months, and I lead a hard, but lonely life; and know not what it is to spend a lonely-feeling hour though without a soul to converse with. Arranging and labelling plants, and writing up my journal, are no trifling occupation, and I am incessantly at work.

JOSEPH DALTON HOOKER.

NOTES ON THE OLD ORDINANCES REGULATING THE SHAMBLES IN LONDON.

NEXT to the crying evil of intramural burials, in these days when disease is hovering over the dwellings of both rich and poor, is the pernicious licence granted to or assumed by butchers of slaughtering cattle in every quarter of the metropolis. The Board of Health has taken decisive steps to check the further growth of the first-named abomination,—and it is said that measures are contemplated for the effectual suppression of the second. It is high time that public abattoirs were established in open and outlying districts,—and that such will be the case ere long we may be confident. In the mean time, it may be useful to the Board of Health, and interesting to your readers, to know how the "excesses" of London butchers were corrected, or at least restrained, in ancient times. Our forefathers in the mis-named "dark ages" were not unmindful of the causes of the periodical sicknesses by which they were assailed, and did their best to remove or mitigate them.—So far as I am aware no connected account has been hitherto given of the various sanitary regulations published in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

As early as the reign of Henry the Third an ordinance was issued prohibiting the slaughtering of cattle at any place nearer to the metropolis than Knightsbridge:—but it does not appear to have been long observed. About a century later, in 1370, Edward the Third sent a mandate to the Mayor and Corporation of London, from which it appears that a petition had some time before been presented to the King by the prelates, nobles and others dwelling in the streets, lanes and other places between the shambles of the butchers at St. Nicholas, nigh the house of the Friars Minors, and the bank of the Thames near Baynard Castle, setting forth, that by slaughtering beasts in the said shambles and carrying the offal through the same streets and lanes to the river at a point called Butchers' bridge, or quay, where such offal was cast into the water,—and by the blood running from the shambles through the open streets to the river-side,—grave infections were

generated in those districts, so that some persons dared scarcely continue to dwell in their houses,—that the water was corrupted thereby,—and that the open places of the city, as well as the crowded, were equally affected by disease. The King, considering these infections, as well as the abominable odours and sights which arose from the shambles in question, with the consent of Parliament had ordained that they should be completely abolished,—and that such slaughtering of beasts should be done without the City, in some place where it might be performed conveniently and with the least nuisance. Instructions were accordingly given to the Mayor and Corporation to appoint some place out of the town for shambles, and to demolish the Butchers' bridge without delay. However, the city officers performed only half their duty. They pulled down Butchers' quay, and for some time they caused the offal of the shambles to be carted out of the City,—but the shambles themselves were suffered to continue in full activity on the same spot. Shortly, the butchers grew daring. They again carried their offal, *vi et armis*, through the streets to the river,—the water was again thought to be corrupted,—and disease was again rife among the surrounding population. Then it was that, on the 30th of April, 1370, Edward reiterated his mandate; peremptorily ordering that no offal whatever should be cast into the Thames, under pain of forfeiture of all meat found in the shambles,—that all the flesh of animals slaughtered in the shambles or in houses elsewhere within the City should be sold for the King's use,—and that all delinquent butchers should be arrested and imprisoned until the King should have determined on the measure of their punishment. The names of the prisoners and the value of the meat seized to be certified, from time to time, to the King in Chancery.

This ordinance seems to have had its due effect for a very short time only; as we find that nine years after, in the third year of Richard the Second, Smithfield and its adjacent shambles of St. Nicholas, began again to stink in the nostrils of the "court-gentry" and others frequenting or dwelling in the streets of Smithfield and Holborn. The sufferers addressed a petition to the King in Parliament, showing "how because of the great and horrible smells and mortal abominations which happened there from day to day, from the tainted blood and entrails of oxen, sheep and pigs killed in the butchery nigh the Church of St. Nicholas within Newgate, and cast into divers pits within two gardens near Holborn-bridge, the said people of the court there repairing and dwelling, by the infection of the air and the abominations and smells aforesaid, and also by certain evils that necessarily ensue, do take divers sicknesses and are too grievously subjected to disease: wherefore humbly pray the said subjects, as well for their own ease and quiet as for the credit of the city, that a remedy be applied by penal ordinance; that the said butchers may kill their beasts at Knightsbridge, so that it be not to the nuisance of your said subjects, as it was formerly ordained in Parliament; to wit, on pain of forfeiture of the flesh of all beasts killed in the said butchery, and one year's imprisonment."

Mutatis mutandis, a petition in similar terms might be presented to Parliament at the present day:—so little have the sights and smells of these localities changed for the better during the lapse of more than four centuries and a half. The "court-gentry," it is true, do not now dwell in or very frequently repair to the vicinity of Smithfield. They have removed their habitations westward, to the neighbourhood of that very Knightsbridge where their predecessors would have established public shambles. The gardens about Holborn-bridge, too, have disappeared. But in every other respect the character of the vicinity of Smithfield is unchanged. Or, if there be a change, it is one for the worse:—inasmuch as it is more densely populated, and the nuisances complained of are now of gigantic growth.

In answer to this petition, the King referred the petitioners to the ordinances of his grandfather (35—44 Edw. III.)—which he ordered to be observed and duly executed. But the application of

* The ordinance 35 Edw. is printed in Stow's Survey, book iii. p. 129. By it Stratford on the east and Knightsbridge on the west of the City were appointed as slaughtering places.

these ordinances was to take place only on the information of individuals who might be aggrieved; and it is to be feared that the principle of everybody's business being nobody's business was as fatal to beneficial results from legislation in the fourteenth as it is sometimes found to be in the nineteenth century. It would appear, at any rate, that the butchers were not much disheartened; as ten years afterwards the Commons presented a petition against butchers and others being allowed to keep greyhounds and other dogs, with which "on Feast-days, when good Christians are in the churches hearing divine service, they (the butchers) go hunting in the parks, coneries and warrens of the nobility and others, and utterly destroy them." An Act was passed forbidding these incorrigible butchers, and all persons of their degree, to keep greyhounds or other dogs unless they should be possessed of lands and houses worth forty shillings a-year.

That the ordinances of Edward the Third were, however, to some extent enforced, is apparent from another statute passed three years later in Richard's reign. The shambles were removed from the City; in consequence of such removal meat became very dear,—and it seemed to the fickle Commons that it was likely to grow dearer. Then, they petitioned that the previous statutes on the subject might be repealed, and that the Mayor and Aldermen might appoint a fitting place within their franchise for slaughtering beasts, in order to reduce the price of meat in the City,—"*to the profit of your Commons*." Their petition was granted: and that the offal might be duly got rid of, the Act provided that it should be carried as *decently as possible* to a certain house which the butchers of London were to build on Thames side, there to be cut up into small pieces, and to be taken in boats to the middle of the river at high water, and thrown in at the turn of the tide.—By the same Act all stallways were to be removed from the river side.

The source of corruption thus again opened continued unheeded till the close of the fifteenth century; when in the fourth year of Henry the Seventh an Act was passed, that "noe butcher shal any manner of beast within the walles of London." But it is not known how far the provisions of this Act were at any time observed.—In one respect the practice of slaughtering within towns was not so great an evil in ancient times as it is at present. Then, as was the custom with all trades, the butchers had a quarter or district in which they dwelt together:—there was but one shamble in the whole city: now the process is diffused over every part of the town. In underground cellars, in kitchens and kitchen areas, in shops and sheds on a level with the public thoroughfares, we may observe the butcher at his necessary but disgusting work. Surely this cannot be excused under any pretext of public convenience when it is detrimental to the public health!—Unless the Board of Health strike at once,—and boldly,—at so flagrant an evil, it will have been instituted in vain.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Saragossa.—I promised in my last letter to give you my "impressions de voyage" at Saragossa. It will not require much time or space to do so; for, in truth, Saragossa, notwithstanding its "name in story," is by no means an interesting town. It is probable, however, that many readers will sympathize with the feeling of interest and curiosity which induced me to traverse so many leagues of the burnt dreary plains of Arragon to visit its storied capital. It was not precisely that I expected on arriving at Saragossa to see "the Maid" of that ilk standing on the wall, in a picturesque Roman costume, as unlike that of her own country as possible,—although it has pleased certain imaginative brethren of the brush, no doubt for some very good reason, so to represent her. It was not exactly this; but "*Segnius irritant animus*," &c.:—you know the rest. And I certainly did wish much to see the city where "war to the knife" had been so waged against the invader as to have cost the lives of 60,000 patriot Spaniards,—a legend which the general history of the war might seem to render almost as incredible as that of the 11,000 virgins. So, however, it stands written; nor is there any doubt that the account is a just one. Traces, indeed, of

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On reaching the city by the white dusty poplar
avenue which traverses the league (or thereabouts)
that lies between it and the canal from Tudela, you
enter by the side arch of a new red-brick gateway,
intended to be grandiose and magnificent; but in
truth hideously ugly, stunted, and poverty-stricken.
It is a mere brick wall, raw-looking and unfinished,
with five archways in it. The exterior passage on
either side is appropriated to carriages. The other
three open on a wide, shadeless, glaring gravel walk,
the "alameda" of the Saragossans,—who throng
thither in crowds every evening to saunter up and
down, exhibit their best mantillas, and endeavour to
find a breath of cooler air than that which has been
suffocating them all day; for Saragossa is one of the
many Spanish cities which share with Madrid the
disadvantage of being extremely cold in winter and
overpoweringly hot in summer. On the right hand,
as the city is entered by this uninviting gate, stand
the ruins of the once rich and beautiful Convent of
Santa Engracia,—the first evidence of the destroyer's
presence. These passed, the road proceeds by the
side of the cheerless "alameda" for some quarter
of a mile between it and a range of newly
built plaster-seeming houses, which look as if
they had been transported from Bellville, or some
such locality, till both fall together into the "Coso,"
—the main street of Saragossa. It is at this spot
that the stranger's disappointment will be at its
height. At the point of junction there is a bran-new
fountain surmounted by a lumpy stunted Neptune,
—which contrasts sadly enough with the traveller's
recollection of John of Bologna's masterpiece in his
native city; while the reminiscence thus unfortu-
nately evoked leads to an equally unfavourable
comparison between the mean whitish-brown charac-
terless street before us and the picturesque archi-
tecture which renders each street in every even
second-rate city of Italy an eloquent commentary on
his history.

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It is not strictly just, however, to say that the
Coso of Saragossa is altogether without character.
It has that of dilapidation and poverty. And it must
not be forgotten that the disfiguring vestiges of the
invader, which impart to it this appearance, are in
the eyes of its inhabitants its most precious ornament
and proudest distinction. Most justly are the
Saragossans entitled so to consider the shot-marks,
which to the present day deface most of the façades
in their principal street. But the ruin effected by
the violence of man, unlike that due to the hand of
time, is generally ugly to the eye and disagreeable
to the mind. The city would be greatly improved
in appearance if the citizens would be content to
intrust the record of their noble struggle in defence
of their homes to the page of history; and would
condescend to efface the ragged brown bullet-marks
which make the white plaster fronts of the houses
look as though they were just recovering from a sort
of architectural small-pox. So far are they, however,
from having any thought of doing this, that many
persons have specially directed in their wills that the
scattered walls of the houses which they bequeathed
should be suffered to continue *in statu quo*.

One of the houses most honourably distinguished
by these scars was the "Fonda de Europa," in which
we found quarters. We had been recommended
thither by the captain of the canal boat; who, after
naming some other hotels, which he said were good,
mentioned this,—a newly-established house, he said,
at which the prices, indeed, were very high,—as much
as 20 reals (5 francs) a-day, but where there was
"great luxury"—"mucho luxo; muchissimo luxo."
In other countries I am not, I think, a very luxurious
person; but I had seen enough of Spanish inns to
make me desirous of trying how far five francs' worth
of Spanish luxury would go towards a tolerable
amount of English decency. I am constrained to
admit that the approximation was only infinitesimal.
A traveller's grumblings at bad inns are rarely
worth registering; but really the species of accom-
modation provided in the best room of the best inn
in a city of some 65,000 inhabitants, struck me as
too curiously illustrative of the state of things in

Spain to be passed over in silence. A wretched
flock mattress of the vilest description placed on
an indescribably filthy palliase was the best bed
afforded by this abode of luxury. The *cuisine* was
a bad attempt at an imitation of that of France.
But this department is comparatively unimportant.
It is not the board but the bed accommodation in
general which makes travelling in Spain an un-
dertaking of so much difficulty. None but those who
have experienced it can know what it is after a day
of fatigue and heat,—sitting, for example, twelve
hours on a Spanish mule, with a Spanish saddle,
under a Spanish July sun,—to toss sleeplessly all
night, tormented into fever by the inevitable attacks
of vermin. Any amount almost of fatigue and dis-
comfort may be endured during the day with a fair
portion of health and good humour, if it is to be
followed by a night of rest. But without this it is
really a bad business.

Saragossa has two sights to regale the lionizing
tourist withal; and little, if anything, besides. These
are its two cathedrals; both worth seeing in their
different ways, and as strangely dissimilar as it is
well possible to conceive two edifices built for the
same purpose to be. "El Pilar"—the title of one of
these churches—is an enormous brick edifice raised
to the Virgin over the spot on which she is recorded
to have descended bodily from heaven on a pillar.
The building is in the taste of the latter part of the
seventeenth century, and is superlatively hideous.
The interior, though in some degree striking from its
vast size, is little better. It is a world of Roman
arches and cupolas, all bedaubed with paintings and
yellow wash. In the midst of the centre aisle is in-
closed and covered beneath an interior cupola the
pillar on which the Virgin descended;—and this spot
is the favourite object of worship at Saragossa and
of pilgrimage throughout Arragon. It is thronged
daily by a crowd of worshippers eagerly awaiting
their turn to kiss a portion of the original pillar, left
visible through a hole in its stone casing some six or
eight inches in diameter. The carved woodwork of
the choir is good; and the "retablo" of the high altar
is one of the most extraordinary works in the world.
It is an enormous mass of alabaster carving, covering
some 2,500 square feet of surface, or thereabouts.
The general effect of this masterpiece of skill and
labour is exceedingly rich and grand; but even if
the position and the light were such as to render
a detailed examination of the figures possible, the
infinite multiplication of them, and the vast variety
of subjects, would necessarily cause it to be regarded
rather as a magnificent architectural decoration than
as a creation of high Art. The diamonds and various
"orfèvrerie" belonging to the Virgin, and kept in
the sacristy, are worth seeing. There are amongst
them the finest pearls and some of the finest dia-
monds I ever saw. But the greater part of the
wealth accumulated here was pillaged by the French.
I was sufficiently *maladroit* to ask the old priest who
showed us the remaining treasures by what means
they had been preserved when the church was pil-
laged by the French. He replied, with a good deal
of dignity, that the Virgin had not been, and could
not be, pillaged,—that she was abundantly able to
protect herself; but that the chapter had indeed
made a large present to the French generals.

The other and older cathedral, termed the "Seu,"
which seems to be a corruption of "Sedes," has been
almost as much disfigured as to the exterior by
modern embellishments as its neighbour, El Pilar.
But within it is, in truth, a grand and magnificent
church. At the first glance I felt that I was
repaid for the labour and time it had cost me to
reach Saragossa. One of the peculiarities of Spanish
churches is, that the aisles are generally of the
same height as the nave. I am not sure that
this is always an advantage. Where the length of
the church and the number of arches is not very
great, the result is, that the distinctive character of
a church is lost in that of a huge quadrangular room.
But at the Seu, the effect of the five aisles, or more
properly of the nave and its two aisles on either side,
all of the same height or nearly so, is excessively
striking and grand. The entire building, with the
exception of such subordinate portions as the inclosure
of the choir and the side chapels, which are
exclusive of the five aisles, is of the best period of
Gothic. The colour is a lovely rich stone grey.

One feature of beauty which the eye looks for in a
first-class Gothic church, is wanting,—that of fine
windows. Many an architectural student, conversant
with the beauties of our northern churches,
will be apt to doubt the possibility of a satisfactory
Gothic building without this leading feature. But
let him suspend his judgment on this point till he
has seen the Seu. There the only light admitted is
by very small round unornamental windows, opened
close under the roof in the highest part of each arch
of the external aisle, and in a similar position at the
west end of each. Moreover, as soon as ever the
sunbeams strike any one of these they are forthwith
excluded from the building by the drawing of a thick
dark brown curtain. The result of this is, that a
"dim religious light," sombre, mysterious, and excit-
ing to the imagination, prevails at all times within
the vast edifice. The effect thus produced is the
greater from the intense contrast it presents to the
glaring, blazing sunlight which the visitor has just
left on the outside. When he steps from the heat,
the noise, the blinding excess of light, and the fervid
air teeming with life,—when the heavy swing-door
closes behind him, and sends its rumbling echoes
roaming far away amid pillar and arch around
the huge church,—the eye, disabled by the sudden
change, barely descries dim ghosts of columns,
fading away in fainter and fainter perspective behind
each other till they are lost in utter obscurity, and
a fresh cool air comes up from the unseen recesses
of the building which completes the effect of transi-
tion into a wholly different world. Gradually the
eye becomes accustomed to the twilight,—and one
after the other huge forms of sculptured saints and
distant altars loom up out of the deep obscurity; till
by slow degrees the stronger becomes at last cognizant
of the entire extent and plan of the noble fabric, and
sensible of the various exquisite effects of chiar-oscuro
which to an artist must render the Seu of Saragossa
one of the most admirable cathedrals in Europe. No
small number of the hours which I passed in Saragossa
were spent within the walls of the Seu; and that not
only because many hours are needed to examine the
infinite wealth of sculpture, carving, and architectural
ornament it contains, but because it was the only
tolerably cool spot in Saragossa. Even the natives
were groaning under the oppression of the intense heat
when we were there. The very "*arrieros*" said that
it was impossible to face the heat of the day;—and
with the exception of the burning and blistering rays
of the sun, the nights were almost as oppressive.
During all this intense heat, the sombre interior
of the Seu was always the same,—always as cool as
if no raging southern sun were vainly pouring its
whole force on its enormous roof and massive walls.
Generally during several hours of the day, after the
canons had said their perfunctory morning service
and scuttled off to more congenial occupations as
quickly as might be, the vast area of the church
was as much ours to sit or to walk in as our own
drawing-room could have been. For the tide of
devotees sets always strongly towards the more
favourite El Pilar. Now and then some ancient
dame would stray into the church; and creeping,
pigmy-like, at the feet of those colossal columns
would make her way to the shrine of her particular
pet saint, and there go through a duly measured
quantum of recitation. In the evening more particu-
larly, we often saw a mother and daughter come
forth, "*para tomare el fresco*," to find a breath of
air, and to seek, Spanish-wise, the sole dissipation
of their day in a visit to the church. There, before
some favourite altar,—that of Pedro Arbues, perhaps,
or that at which a wooden crucifix is recorded to
have spoken to an ancient canon of the church, who
now kneels in marble at its foot,—the characteristic
pair would kneel or sit crouched Indian-like on the
pavement; turning and opening and shutting their
fans with that rapidity of motion and facility of
evolution peculiar to a Spanish woman, and emitting
a sort of whistling noise, the production of which is
in the eyes of every Spanish dame an essential and
important part of a fan's duty.

This tomb and shrine of Peter Arbues—who is
no *Saint*, as called by Mr. Ford in Mr. Murray's
"Guidebook," but only a "*Bentuso*"—recalls one of
the most remarkable passages in the past history of
the cathedral, and a circumstance which struck me
as one of the most curious in its present practice.

Before the altar of one of the chapels on the south side of the church near the east end, Pedro Arbues, a Dominican monk and Grand Inquisitor, was murdered in 1495, by Vidal Duranso, whose hand thus executed the general will of the overgodded hatred and indignation of the city. But a death so like Becket's has not yet been followed by similar promotion;—and this apparently only for want of cash to pay the fee. For so only can I understand the pressing application made in a placard placed in front of the altar in question, for aims towards the canonization of Peter Arbues. I fear he is likely to wait yet a long time, if no Pope can be prevailed upon to let him into the calendar gratis; for in his own city all the cash of the devout goes to the rival establishment over the way at El Pilar. Nor are the profits of the Virgin's well authenticated descent here, and innumerable miracles since, confined to the priests and the interior of the church. At Saragossa, as at Ephesus formerly, the silversmiths profit largely by the established superstition, and would doubtless be found amongst the most eager champions of the orthodox idolatry. A whole street full of them, called after their trade the "Plateria," exist almost entirely by manufacturing thousands of silver Virgins on pillars, which the faithful purchase as Penates. Rarely does a Spanish woman pass by Saragossa without carrying away with her one of these idols, larger or smaller according to her means. Some are less than an inch in height, others as much as six.

Saragossa has little else worthy of notice. Its long bridge over the Ebro, which the Arragonese are wont, in their ignorance of aught better, to deem a marvel, never could have had any pretensions to beauty in its best day;—and is now in a semi-ruinous condition. The great pea-soup-coloured stream running between its dull tame banks of similar hue has no feature of beauty or interest. T.A.T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Committee of the Ragged Schools of Clerkenwell have put forth an interesting report for the past year. In spite of the social and political delirium which prevailed during that period, they have received a steady support and achieved a considerable amount of success. Funds have been obtained wherewith to open an infant school;—and this is now at work and promises well for the future. In all ragged schools the attendance is irregular and the pupils are migratory. This is the necessary consequence of the sporadic habits of the class from which they come—the wandering savages of civilization. But it is already seen that some rude ties grow up, even in the minds of the lowest, between the scholars and the school, which operate as restraints upon this habit;—and may in the end fix them to the locality in which they will thus become known and have a hope of doing well. It is a pleasing fact to those engaged or interested in these experiments, that every month does away with some of the prejudices which at first stood in the way of their success. Parents and children are growing better disposed towards them; and policy begins to operate a change of feeling throughout society in their favour, and in a measure to take upon itself the task which charity alone had to support in the earlier period of their existence. Many children have left the Clerkenwell schools during the year. Some have gone to reside elsewhere—others have obtained regular employment. In almost every case the parents of the child have waited on the Committee to express their thanks for the attention bestowed upon their offspring. This is cheering. It shows that there is a large class in the lower ranks—not the lowest, however, for there is in London a class far below the average of those who attend the ragged school—by whom any kind of education is a boon eagerly and gratefully accepted. The adult school is much crippled for want of teachers;—and the whole institution is less actively useful than it might be with a larger revenue. At present its wants are much greater than its means. Benevolence could hardly find a better investment of its superfluities.

A correspondent has called our attention to the antiquity of that complaint against intramural interments which is now so urgently renewed. The zealous and plain-spoken Latimer denounced the

practice,—giving force to his denunciation by his own experience: as will be seen by the following extract from Hawe's 'Sketches of the Reformation.'—

"An elm not many years ago shed its autumn leaves over the spot in St. Paul's Church Yard where once stood a cross, forming the most celebrated pulpit in England. This tree has disappeared like the structure it commemorated, and strong iron railings prevent their approach whose pilgrim steps would occupy the place where many a noble preacher made the old cathedral wall echo his glowing sentences. * * Perhaps without supposing him excessively fastidious, one so situated might find a place, superior as it was to that occupied by the masses of the congregation, rather interesting than pleasant. He would stand in the midst of the chief burying-place of the metropolis, and if an epidemic happened to be raging, the fresh broken ground on every side would give evidence of its presence. Other senses beside the sight might be assailed. I do marvel," said Latimer, "that London being so rich a city, hath not a burying-place without; for, no doubt, it is an unwholesome thing to bury within the city, specially at such a time when there be great sicknesses and many die together. I think verily that many a man taketh his death in Paul's Church Yard; and this I speak of experience, for I myself, when I have been there some mornings to hear sermons, have felt such an ill-favoured, unwholesome savour, that I was the worse for it a great while after, and I think no less but it is the occasion of such sickness and distress."

Mr. Taylor has written to us to disavow any title on his part to the authorship of the essays and colloquies entitled 'Friends in Council,'—a notice of the Second Book of which appeared a few weeks since in our columns. "I can claim," says Mr. Taylor, "no credit in connexion with it except that of a desire to profit by the wisdom and the many just and penetrating views which it contains."—The book is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Arthur Helps.

There is talk, according to a Dublin correspondent of the *Times*, of the establishment of a second University in that city. Prince Albert, according to this authority, advocates the propriety of founding this second University for all Ireland. The Government, he suggests, should be intrusted to a senate consisting of not more than 17 persons, including the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges—and representatives, the most distinguished that can be obtained, of the several faculties of arts, law and physic, of the exact and natural sciences, of agriculture, and of *belles lettres*—with a chancellor and vice-chancellor,—all of whom are to be appointed by the Crown. This senate, his Royal Highness further suggests, should have the control over the system of education practised in the provincial colleges and of the arrangements for graduation. It is nearly certain, it is said, that the plan thus shadowed forth will be acted upon without much loss of time.—It has been further said that Prince Albert himself will be the first Chancellor of the new University.

The Chetham Library at Manchester is one of the best public institutions of its kind in England. It is particularly rich in the department of ecclesiastical history—and contains a large body of general English literature. It is endowed, and has a good income. It is open to the public freely, and is provided with one of the snugest reading rooms to be found in any public library in Europe. But it is grievously ill-managed. Out of an income from landed property (which by the way has not increased in amount for thirty years past, while property in the vicinity has quadrupled or quintupled in value!) of \$40L, scarcely a shilling has been expended in books for years. "Repairs" is the item which appears to swallow up the revenue. The consequence of this is, that the reading world of Manchester have no chance of seeing a new book—or an old one unless it had the fortune to be gathered in years ago, when the funds were duly administered—in this their only free public library. Then again, the library is open only during a few hours in the middle of the day: which circumstance closes it effectually against the persons who most stand in need of it. In a busy city like Manchester, few persons can afford to read in the forenoon. Evening is the time for rest and intellectual enjoyment; but long ere the merchant quits the exchange, the lawyer his chambers, or the clerk his desk, the doors of the Chetham Library are shut. No book is ever allowed to be taken out of the building. A few clergymen and hand-loom weavers—the latter rarely—frequent the reading-room; and sometimes a barrister or merchant's clerk, more hungry for knowledge than for his dinner, may be found from one to two. But seldom are more than two or three readers present at the same time.

So far as the general public are concerned, there might as well be no public library in Manchester at all. Here reform is needed—as well as in the adjoining Free Grammar School.

We have some further correspondence before us on the subject of Penny Banks. Mr. James M. Scott, who started both the Greenock and Hull institutions—which, he tells us, were suggested by a penny club at Ipswich some years ago—writes to say that he has ascertained from actual trial that a Penny Bank with 5,000 depositors, investing an average of about 40L a week, can be satisfactorily conducted at an expense of 70L per annum, including the premiums offered to depositors. To meet this outlay, about 60L is received in the shape of interest on the money invested and from small charges made to the depositors. The remainder has, in the present state of the machinery, to be raised by voluntary subscription. Up to this point Mr. Scott has only succeeded in getting 3 per cent. interest for the money placed in his hands; but he is in hope of finding a mode of safe investment which will yield 4 or 4½ per cent.—which would entirely cover the cost of working the institution. These facts may be of use to some of our readers. Since we began to notice this matter, other banks on the same principle have been commenced:—and the movement is likely to spread. The germs of much social good are in it.

A few days ago we noticed an attack by Herr Manteufel on the *Handworkers Verein*—the Whittington Club of Berlin,—and predicted that the attack in words was meant as a preliminary to a more serious movement against the institution. Our anticipations have been verified. A few nights later the police and troops broke in upon the members and dispersed them by force. Discussion of political matters was especially excluded by the constitution of the association:—so that every liberal Prussian feels that the blow is struck at free education.—Another sign of the times is, a public expression of regret on the part of Frederick-William that the *Ritter Academie* of Brandenburg—one of the worst relics of feudal ignorance and pride recently existing in Europe—had been swept away by the March revolution. It is said that it will be restored under royal auspices.

An attempt is in progress to extend the "Evening Classes"—already at work with the best results in other parts of London—to the St. Pancras district, on the plans of the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie. The cost of these classes to the student is only 2s. 6d. a term, or 7s. 6d. a year; the subjects taught in them are much the same as at University College. The Committee announce that they are prepared to engage teachers in any department of study as soon as twenty names are enrolled on the lists now suspended at the school-room in the Hampstead Road to form a class. On these reasonable terms—less than 2d. a week—the artisan has the prospect of obtaining for himself a very respectable familiarity with sciences, languages, history, and literature. It is well to keep the principle of such a scheme in mind. Some of these evening classes are doing a great deal of good in a quiet way. What is there to prevent their introduction into all our large towns? With the prospect of mechanics' institutes everywhere filling the friends of education must begin to look out for some other scheme to take their place. The "Institute" has already fallen from its position as a strictly educational organ; and in trying to combine amusement with instruction, it has missed both objects. Men who want merely to educate themselves find it nearly profitless,—those who seek recreation only will go elsewhere to obtain it. The "Evening Classes" busy themselves only with the processes of imparting knowledge:—they do not conceive it necessary to fill up the pauses in a lecture with popular music, or to vary the routine of grammar lessons with comic songs.—Have these classes been tried in Manchester, Glasgow, or Birmingham?

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ILLINOIS. REGENT'S PARK.—NOW EXHIBITING, the GALLERY of ROSENBAUM, Bernese Oberland, with the effects of a storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradations of light and shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—S.B. The Grand Exhibition Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Picture-rooms. Open from Ten till Five.

SOCIETIES

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Our Report of the Proceedings of the British Association at Birmingham was brought last week to a close.—The annual meetings of this body may be regarded as affording the best evidence of the advance of knowledge from year to year. By an extensive examination of the reports which have appeared in the pages of the *Athenæum*, they who desire to study the philosophy of scientific progress may trace step by step the development of new truths and the extension of new applications. At this Nineteenth Meeting we find, after a careful review of the business of each of the Sections, that, although no very striking subject has been brought before any of them, and though as a whole the proceedings have possessed less of novelty than usual,—yet, satisfactory proof has been afforded that the scientific mind of the country has not been idle, and it has been shown that much valuable work is in progress.

In all these departments of Science which connect themselves particularly with the requirements of society as at present constituted,—which minister to the desire for useful appliances that is a marking quality of the age,—much that must prove of value has been published. In the Physical Section a few communications on abstract science have been made; and in the Geological and Natural History Sections some notices were presented of newly observed phenomena seemingly not of immediate importance as regards utility, and some brief discussions of theoretical views took place. But even in these the prominent feature has been the desire exhibited to bring every class of observation or experiment within the circle of the useful. In the other Sections we find only a single communication of a theoretical character. All the rest present records of facts important to the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the engineer, or the political economist. Every one appears to have aimed at bringing forward such matters as could be estimated by their economic value.

Year after year this peculiarity has been more strikingly exhibited in the Transactions of the British Association: and there is danger that it may increase to such an extent as eventually to exclude for a time the consideration of all subjects which cannot be brought within the circle that our passion for the useful is drawing around Science. We say for a time:—because we have no doubt, of course, that the present exclusive disposition to apply truths already known will sooner or later give way before a desire to add to the stores of our knowledge.

We are not to be understood as undervaluing any of these appliances by which the social condition of man is even in the least degree improved. We hail with satisfaction every conquest made by the civilization band from the territories that have been regarded as the property of abstract science. But we cannot disguise the fact that the tendency of the habit to which we have alluded is to destroy originality,—to keep the mind involved in the maze of details, and thus disable it from embracing the great generalities through which our knowledge of the laws of Nature are advanced. At the same time as we endeavour to ameliorate our material condition by the aids of our scientific knowledge, we are bound to look forward if we would make further progress, and to question nature in that pure spirit which craves truth for the love thereof rather than with a wish to bring it at once into the money-market. The scientific mind which should reduce observation and experiment to the mere standard of negotiable worth would be soon reduced to the condition of those who spend their lives in washing tons of sand to find only a few grains of gold. We trust that we may be able to record after the Twentieth Meeting of this Association some advances in our knowledge of natural truths as well as in the application of truths already known.

The General Committee has felt the necessity of directing attention to this falling off of original in-

vestigations; and with a view to awaken the members of the Association to the importance of the subject they have published a Synopsis of 'Reports requested and Researches recommended' from 1831 to 1848 inclusive. It must be remembered that these recommendations have been severally made by the committee of each Section in its own particular branches of science, and confirmed by the Committee of Recommendations:—both regarding them as questions of the utmost importance. We find that altogether the Association has required reports and researches upon 415 subjects:—of these 184 have been made, and 231 still remain unanswered. In this Synopsis will, therefore, be found an amount of work sufficient to employ all the available force of the British Association for many years to come.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.—We have received local newspapers containing reports of the annual meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. The system of offering premiums and distributing prizes for productions displaying the exercise of thought, which has been for many years acted upon by this Society, has been followed by the best results,—and we could desire to see the principle more extensively acted upon. Prizes have this year been awarded in the departments of Mechanics, Natural History, and Statistics for really valuable contributions to knowledge. In addition to these, the Fine and Ornamental Arts and school productions are not forgotten. In a great mining district, such as Cornwall, attention is particularly directed to the science of machinery; and we find numerous improvements suggested by the competitors in hydraulic engines, safety valves, &c. A plan for protecting steam-boilers from corrosion strikes us as being peculiarly valuable, from its simplicity. It is proposed by Mr. J. Williams, of Helstone, to pour a small quantity of coal-tar into the water just before the steam is to be got up. This substance when thrown into boiling water parts with all its volatile constituents,—and its carbon is, as a crust, deposited upon all sides of the boiler with singular uniformity,—adhering with great firmness to the iron plates by the peculiar action of the force which appears to condense fluid matter on solid surfaces. Thus a kind of graphite coating is formed, which protects the iron most effectually from corrosion.

As connecting itself with a subject which is now attracting the attention of most meteorological observers, the following communication of M. Matteucci is of considerable value. This electrician states that his researches upon the loss of electricity in the air more or less humid have led him to the following proposition:—In air taken at a constant pressure and temperature, the loss of electricity increases with the quantity of the vapour of water that it contains. But this increased loss does not vary according to the simple law which Coulomb believed he had deduced from a small number of experiments,—viz. that this loss was proportional to the cube of the weight of the water contained in the air.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—After all, it seems finally determined that the Nelson Column cannot be placed under the protection of the British Lion. Our readers know that on this subject we had come to our own conclusions long ago. We have for years treated this unfortunate work as matter only to "point a moral or adorn a tale." We have looked on it as a precocious ruin,—bearing about it some strange ante-natal secret fatal to its consummation. It would have fallen years ago into the category of admitted ruins but, as we have often said, for the paragraph-monger,—to whom its tallness was an attraction and its imperfection a resource. To him it owes all of its vitality which has any reference to a future. Every now and then some feeble movement at its base has suggested to his sanguine temperament a possible completion. Now while we write, there are signs of a supererogatory effort in that direction, which will lead him,—and others whom he influences at a penny a line,—to "believe a vain thing." A shred of canvas covering one side of the pedestal indicates some modern addition to this unfinished antique. Such things have happened before, at intervals of years,—reminding us always of the incompleteness without suggesting a hope of

completion. Attempts of the kind have, to us, served only to emphasize the moral of the impossibility. And now, that impossibility is at last avowed. What our public has been long prepared for, is formally announced. After a protracted struggle, with the help of many powers,—after that public had been summoned in aid, and the press had marched again and again to the rescue, and Parliament had made an ineffectual demonstration,—and the Russian monarch himself had poured in his succours,—the seeking for the accomplishment of this monument is recognized as a striving against destiny. The contest ends in a compromise. The four bas-reliefs will come,—it is said,—and the four lions are to be abandoned.—Seriously, there is no denying that Mr. Railton has been most unfortunate as regards this work. His adoption of a column as the most appropriate monument had reference, not to the intrinsic merit of a column,—but to the site on which this was to stand, and the necessity of its composing with, and not screening, the surrounding accidents. To raise his work from the domain of the architect into the more spiritual province of Art, the suggestions for the sculptor were made a part of his design:—were, indeed, the conditions on which a column was offered by him as best suiting all the requisitions of the case. To take a part of his design without taking the whole is equivalent to not taking his design at all. But there is more than the negative wrong. His name attaches, in spite of himself, to the disarranged proportions,—and his fame suffers by the mutilation of his thought. Yet, for a long series of years, he has been doomed to see his column rearing its bare shaft upwards from the level of Trafalgar Square, without (excepting only the statue of Nelson on the summit,—which the Committee spoiled by the imposition of a cocked-hat) the accessories which he had planned to give it grace and proportion. Some of these will now be added,—after this incomplete monument has reported him falsely to half the artist-world of Europe; but it is finally decided that the lions couchant, which were to give breadth to the base and a meaning to the whole, shall be given up:—their empty pedestals at the four corners of the base of the main pedestal remaining to attest the inability of England to finish a Nelson monument.—This is not the only wrong, either, that has been done to Mr. Railton's plans in reference to the Nelson monument and its "surroundings." A printed copy of the specification sent in by him to the Committee of the Monument with his second set of drawings now lies before us; and we there find that the lowering to a common level of the ground from the column to the footpath on the north side, and the substitution of a flight of steps the whole width of the square,—thereby giving additional apparent height to the National Gallery,—the main feature of which has been adopted by and goes to the credit of another—are of Mr. Railton's suggestion. But to leave a disagreeable subject:—were this any other thing than the thing it is,—the Nelson Monument,—we would yet make an appeal to the public or to Parliament for these lions. We believe that if the rest of the press would help us in putting the case strongly, a nation that has subscribed so largely for multiplied statues of its living lion would be persuaded into the propriety of "lionizing" its dead hero, too.

We alluded a week or two since to the expected return of Major Rawlinson from Persia. Letters have since been received, by which it appears that the Major has recently been excavating at Hillah, the site of the ancient Babylon; where he has discovered a great number of marble slabs clearly and fully illustrative of the Babylonian Pantheon. Hitherto no remains had been found at Hillah of an earlier date than the era of Nebuchadnezzar.—Major Rawlinson will return to England in December next.

There is at present at Mr. Farrar's, in Wardour Street, a portrait of Butler, the author of 'Hudibras', well known by the numerous engravings that have been made from it. The picture lately belonged to Miss Rushout of Wanstead, and had been in her family many years. We notice it for the sake of correcting an error which has had a long currency: inasmuch as this portrait is generally attributed to Sir Peter Lely,—who certainly had no hand in it. A not uncommon mezzotint engraving of the picture, by Van Somer, published at the close of the seven-

teenth century, establishes the fact that it was painted by Gerard Zoest,—of whom some account will be found in Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England.' Zoest was, like Lely, a Westphalian; and in the present example he may be said to have exaggerated Lely's style. The profusion of wig and drapery is truly absurd; yet the expression of the countenance is perhaps quite equal, if not superior, to the generality of Sir Peter's works. We have too few of our poets in the National Gallery:—and as this may be considered the only authentic portrait of Butler, it should be secured for the public.

We hear from Berlin that the plates illustrative of the Egyptian Expedition of Dr. Lepsius are on the eve of publication. They have been executed at the expense of the King of Prussia,—and are said to do credit to all parties concerned in their production.

The *Heraldo* of Madrid announces the death of M. Louis Philastre,—the artist of what it describes as the magnificent paintings of the theatre of the Lyceum at Barcelona.

At the Conversazione, or opening meeting, of the Architectural Association, held in the hall of Lyons Inn, the report read by the secretary announced that the Society had greatly increased—the number of its members being now 140. The President remarked, that the experiment of an architectural Exhibition was likely to prove ultimately successful. Another important point, he said, which the Association had in view, and on which their committee was now engaged, was that of framing a code of regulations for the better management of architectural competitions,—and afterwards convening a general meeting of the profession to engage its adoption of them. Sanctioned by the body of the profession, such regulations would, he said, possess if not the authority of law, that of professional *etiquette*,—consequently could not be infringed by individual architects with impunity to their personal credit. The President dwelt much on the necessity of "union":—but unfortunately architectural competition, however fairly conducted and however satisfactory its results to the public, contains within itself the germs of personal jealousies.—Among the topics touched upon by the President in the concluding portion of his lecture was that of Criticism: which, according to him, should be regarded as a *science*,—or rather made to become one. According to this doctrine, Art, and Taste, and Judgment must all be reduced to positive science, too. Now, as it appears to us, Science and Taste,—or Criticism, which is partly the expression and partly the director of taste,—are independent of each other. The first deals with facts,—the second with feelings and opinions. Neither taste nor criticism has anything to do with provable truths—such as that "two and two make four." If Mr. Creeke merely meant that criticism should be founded on a careful study of true artistic principles and their application, we can agree with him. In this part of his lecture the President paid a compliment to Mr. Fergusson, and to "the brilliant but erratic Ruskin," both of whom he considered to have done much for the promotion of sound criticism. Now, here is an inconsistency. Those two writers are so totally opposed to each other in many of their views, that it becomes difficult to know which of them we are to follow, or when the one and when the other, if they be offered as guides. The "erratic" one can hardly be a safe leader. Mr. Ruskin has shown himself to be so completely swayed by fancy and feeling,—by impulse, sensibility and emotion,—that he is almost the very last writer whom we should have expected to hear extolled by one who would have criticism put upon the footing of a formal science.—Mr. Papworth, too, in a short speech which he made, had a fling at criticism and critics. He said, that he could not recollect a single critic who was capable of producing a design:—intending thereby to insinuate that those who cannot do the latter are disqualified for the office of critic. Mr. Papworth would argue, we suppose, that no man is competent to say "where the shoe pinches" unless he can make a shoe.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS'S DRAMATIC READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE every MONDAY EVENING, at BLAGROVE'S Rooms, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.—Monday next, Oct. 13, Othello; Oct. 20, King Lear; Oct. 27, Merchant of Venice. To be followed by As You Like It, Romeo and Juliet, Henry VIII., Much Ado About Nothing, Measure for Measure, Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, &c. &c. Hamlet and Macbeth will be repeated shortly.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. Commence at Eight.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Trio No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, Op. 13.—*Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin*, Op. 14. —By Charles Edward Horsley.

Mr. Charles E. Horsley is obviously incited by a desire for excellence more substantial than that which animates many of his contemporaries. Whereas they content themselves with writing saleable arrangements of operatic airs, bagatelles, *notturni*, &c., he prefers exercising himself in grand classical composition. This, at least, his *thirteenth* and *fourteenth* works manifest. We have, besides, an interesting collection of Songs bearing his name; but they must be reserved for some future opportunity, while we do our courtesies by this *Trio* and *Duetto* as deserving to be ranked among the best English additions to the library of the chamber performer with which we are acquainted.

It may be generally remarked, *in limine*, that Mr. Horsley's writings, though by no means to be placed in the category of easy music, are clear of one of the popular affectations of our time,—which is studied difficulty. The opening movement of the *Trio*, an *allegro con brio* in a minor, starts at once with a broad and simple melody important enough for its purpose, and enunciated with sufficient composure; another merit rare in days when writers who possess the slightest command over harmonic science seem as if they could never exhibit it too soon or too mercifully—thus destroying that feeling of colour (or key) without the maintenance of which we are old-fashioned enough to think that there is no great satisfaction in any composition. Mr. C. Horsley's *allegro*, moreover, is well sustained,—in places rising into real grandeur. Our objection to it is, its close and undeniable reference to a cherished model. Not merely in its figurative passages for the pianoforte, but in its contour, the influence of Mendelssohn is present. It is not a case of plagiarism, but of unconscious imitation arising from intimate knowledge and deep love. Thus Mr. Lockhart tells us in his 'Life of Scott' that Mr. Terry of the Adelphi Theatre absolutely assumed the voice and manner of the Great Unknown,—though the one was a Southron and the other a Scot, in heart, tongue and name! The second movement, an *andante con moto* in a major, is written rather in the modern romantic style than after the fashion of those flowing and rich slow movements in which Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Hummel delighted:—being recitative supported by a *tremolando* divided among the divers instruments, alternated with a *cantabile* large and grandiose, and also somewhat vocal. This *andante* gives scope to picturesque and impassioned playing,—and being adequately rendered cannot fail to strike and interest the listener. It is followed by a *scherzo* in D major, $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo:—a movement really playful. Its two subjects are happily contrasted: another sign of care and invention deserving honour—since the fancy of Mr. Horsley's fellow-worshippers tends to confound the *scherzo* with the *Toccata* or *Study*, in which departure from the original lead becomes an offence, not a felicitous device. Now, great as is the effect wrought by continuity, that produced by coherent episode in these light and playful parts of a composition is much greater. What an exquisite relief did Beethoven always give to his minuets and *scherzi* by their *trios*—or second subjects! It is precisely an indifference to such variety (consequent, probably, on his close studies of the strict German instrumental master, Sebastian Bach) which has subjected Mr. Horsley's model, Mendelssohn, to the charge of dryness and want of fancy, brought against him by those who can only admit one humour, one style, one school. We see in the Tauberts and Kufferaths *et id genus omne*, who affect every form of their original,—what barren and mechanical pages are the product of imitation. Our praise, therefore, is proportionately greater to Mr. Horsley for having avoided what experience of his school shows us to be a generic temptation. His *trio* is wound up by a brilliant *allegro vivace con fuoco* in B major $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo—a *finale*, agreeable and bright in its subjects, and calling upon the pianist for delicacy, rapidity and solidity of hand, with an appeal which is perfectly legitimate. *Da capo*—a solitary *Trio* in A major by Mr. W. S. Bennett excepted—we recollect no English composition in this form so

thoroughly sterling and carefully finished as Mr. C. Horsley's.

The *Sonata* was a yet more difficult task to undertake:—the duetts for the piano and violin which have stood the test of time being ranked under two names,—those of Mozart and Beethoven. True it is, that spirited and individual *Sonatas* (or rather, perhaps, single movements) by Ries are extant, the style and originality of which will some day rescue them from the neglect into which for the moment they have fallen;—true it is, that Steibelt and Pleyel and Kozeluch all produced specimens to which players not exclusively devoted to this or the other perfection, and thus absurdly disregarding of all smaller folk, will recur with pleasure,—true it is, that those who enjoy the robust, closely-knit music of an earlier period will take pastime and brace their taste in the *Sonatas* of Bach:—but when the great mass of instrumental music produced during the last century is taken into account, even the above list (needlessly extended as it may be thought by modern rhapsodists to be) appears strangely restricted. It must be very hard to succeed where the instances of permanent success are so limited, and yet where the want is so great and so universally admitted. For now the honest listener bids fair to become positively weary of Beethoven's Kreutzer Duet, and of that essentially grander composition by him in c minor.—By the style of Mr. Horsley's *Sonata* it is evident that he has not aimed at concert-honours:—the tone of his work being grace, quaintness, expressiveness, rather than such grandeur and brilliancy as enable a pair of players to interest a large congregation during half an hour's session. The first and last movements are in the pleasing key of F major:—that, a flowing *allegro cantabile* in $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo,—this, an *allegro molto vivace* in common time, the subject of which, depending on the effect to be given to a reiterated note, will be found a good test of a hand at once firm and light. But to either we prefer the *andante con moto* in a minor $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo. This has a cheerful, old-world air,—a savour (so to say) of the national melody which is truly relishing; and it cannot fail to please should those undertaking its execution have any feeling for *humour* in music. Throughout the *Sonata*, as in Mr. Horsley's *Trio*, the writing is good; but we remark certain signs of timidity rather than embarrassment in the working up of his more important movements to their closes. Nowhere is more evident than in this part of his task the distance betwixt a musician's mastery and scholarship—genius and cleverness. The musician must show courage without eccentricity, indulge in elaboration without tiresomeness, excite surprise without the culminating point of climax being lost sight of. Further, his difficulties are immensely increased by the incomparable examples before the world, which have fixed the connoisseur's requisitions in this matter at a height somewhat dizzy for aspirants to reach.—To conclude:—whether by our praise or by our questionings, we have ill-conveyed our meaning if the reader does not perceive that in the above remarks both respect and encouragement are conveyed: respect for Mr. Horsley's high ambition, sound training and active fancy,—and encouragement to trust in his own individual genius, and to turn it rather away from than towards the most deeply regretted inventor and artist of modern times.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday Mr. Macready commenced, with the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' the series of his farewell performances. As might have been expected on his first appearance in London since his return from America, and escape from the outrage which he had there suffered,—his friends made a point of assembling, and demonstrating publicly their sense of the dignity with which he had passed through the trial in question.—Whether arising from the nervous agitation proper to the occasion or from some other cause, Mr. Macready was somewhat hoarse, and was consequently led to more effort in his style than usual. This extra exertion was unpleasant; but did not prevent the usual applause at the favourite actor's "old familiar" points. On Mr. Macready's merits in *Macbeth*, as in other characters, opinions differ:—indeed, as to his style in general there is far from universal consent. Its merits and its faults are alike great,—the latter are the part of him which has been most imitated. The former remain

known—unapproached by any surviving actor. Bad as an elocutionist, Mr. Macready is great for his psychological insight into character, and for the evolution of those minute traits which give individuality to action. Attending, however, too much to detail, he is apt to sacrifice the firmness and distinctness of outline. Thus, in his *Macbeth*, we lose that inherent dignity of conduct and nobility of bearing which Shakespeare ascribes to his hero prior to his crime. The error is a common stage error; only in Mr. Macready's presentment it is exaggerated by his elaborate attention to details. Mrs. Warner was the *Lady Macbeth*; and, like Mr. Macready, acted with extraordinary effort—beginning hoarsely, and before the end of the first act losing the due command of her voice. Too great anxiety on the part of both was probably the cause of this "effect defective." In other respects, Mrs. Warner acted with force and dignity, though not with all that classical breadth of style which the character demands. Some new business was introduced into the banquet scene, which to us appears of questionable propriety. During the confusion caused by Macbeth's strange behaviour, the Physician (Mr. Tilbury) came forward and speculated extravagantly before the Queen, as if giving a medical opinion on Macbeth's sanity. Now, considering that we are not introduced by the Poet to the Physician until the fifth act, this intrusion of the latter into the third act is an unjustifiable interference with Shakespeare's text. This by-play is mischievous, besides, as distracting attention from the main business going on in the foreground. Here it is proper to mention that Mr. Macready himself is guilty of undue solicitude in regard to the chair in which the Ghost has been seated. This he drags about the stage, in order subsequently to seat himself in it,—or pushes aside to get it out of his way: thus stopping the current of passion in favour of a piece of stage furniture not at all conveniently arranged.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready appeared in the character of *Hamlet*.

SURREY.—Mr. Creswick has proceeded meritoriously in the manner in which he has placed Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's drama of 'Richelieu' upon the stage. He has been lavish in his pictorial and other decorations; the costumes are rich and the groupings carefully arranged. Mr. Creswick has done something in addition to this;—he has restored to the drama which he has revived those poetic passages that from its first presentation to its last had always been omitted. He has faith in his public,—and believes that poetry is not *caviare* to a modern audience. Acting under a different impression, Mr. Macready and Mr. Phelps have always omitted such portions of the text of 'Richelieu' as were devoted to poetic illustration. The matter has now been brought to the test; and the result to be recorded is, that these restorations are among the passages most applauded,—that the poet's sympathies had all along been right and the actor's conventional prejudices wrong.

Mr. Creswick's *Richelieu* is one of the best of his assumptions. It has many fine points,—and is marked throughout by steady execution and clear characterization. The situation at the end of the fourth act was so powerfully rendered, that the actor was recalled before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience. *Baradas* had an able representative in Mr. Mead. Indeed, the cast of the entire play was a good one:—the part of Julie being performed by Madame Ponisi, that of *François* by Miss Dickinson, and that of the *Count de Mauprat* by Mr. Shepherd. The house was crowded.

STRAND.—An abridged translation of M. Scribe's tragedy on the subject of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' has been made by Mr. Oxenford for this theatre. He has reduced the five acts to three, and placed upon the English boards a piece of much interest. It is one of a class very popular on the French stage; in which the heroine is an actress, and the action a revelation of green-room mysteries. *Adrienne* was an artiste at the Comédie Française in 1730,—attached to the Count de Saxe (subsequently the famous marshal); and was supposed to have been

poisoned by a rival—a lady of uncertain rank (but in the play called the Princess de Bouillon) by means of a bouquet.—The action of the poison on the victim is described as having been singular and striking,—producing elevation and aberration of mind previous to death. The piece is cleverly put together; the chief portion of the dialogue being comic, and passing in the green-room of the theatre, the salon of an actress, and the drawing-room of a princess. The Princess de Bouillon is the heartless wife of a heartless prince—he a wittol and she a coquette—who, having patronized the Count de Saxe, procures from jealousy his imprisonment. *Adrienne* purchases his release by the sacrifice of her jewels.—The *Prince* and *Princess* are enacted by Mr. Diddar and Mrs. Murray.—*Maurice*, the *Count de Saxe*, being ably played by Mr. Leigh Murray. Mr. Farren is suited with a part, that of *Michonnet*, the senile prompter of the Comédie Française, who is dying with a concealed and, from his age, absurd passion for the celebrated *Adrienne*,—and who generously contributes towards the means of effecting the Count's deliverance though in so doing he may lose his mistress to a rival. All this was touchingly rendered by Mr. Farren. But the burthen of the piece lay upon Mrs. Stirling—whose performance merits high praise. In the early green-room scenes, and in her interviews with her lover, easy, arch and graceful,—she became great in the scene where, before the Princess's guests, she unmask that noble lady's profligate character,—and, in obedience to the latter's commands to recite before herself and them, selects a passage from the 'Phédre' of Racine calculated to sting to the heart the courtly delinquent. In the concluding act, while expressing the delirious state of mind consequent on inhaling the poison, Mrs. Stirling's performance was very fine. The situation is a striking one; and is rendered highly poetical by the fact of the poor victim recalling to mind passages from Corneille's 'Psyche' as applicable to her own love and position with her rival. With such acting, the piece could not fail of being successful:—and it is one likely to improve the fortunes of the house.

MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Charles Kemble's play of 'The Point of Honour' was revived here on Wednesday:—the part of *Durimel* being well supported by Mr. Davenport. Mr. Johnstone was the *Chevalier de St. Franc*,—and *Steinberg* fell to the lot of Mr. Cooke. Miss F. Vining made an excellent *Bertha*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Deferring for a few days our notice of the English version of 'Don Giovanni,' with which the Princess's Theatre commenced its season a few days since, and in which Miss L. Pyne made her first appearance as *Zerlina*, we cannot but call attention to the promises made for the establishment,—since they are more liberal, various and interesting than usual. In addition to the vocalists who have appeared, are announced Madame Thillon, Miss Poole, Madame Macfarren, and Mr. T. Williams, hitherto known as a pleasing concert-tenor. Three new operas are spoken of: 'The Bleeding Nun,' with music by Mr. E. Loder,—'The King of Hearts,' with music by Mr. Macfarren,—and 'Kenilworth,' with music by Signor Schira. The English translation of Halévy's 'Val d'Andorre,' promised last season is also spoken of. There is here, at all events, no lack of variety; and under anything like fair conditions of libretti, and of care in producing the works, we have small doubts of the success of entertainments thus pleasantly varied.—A travelling English opera company, the main personages of which are Miss Lucombe, Mr. S. Reeves, and Mr. Whitworth, is about to make a tour in the provinces.

The recent death of the Strauss at once deprives the Austrian capital of one of its most fascinating attractions and makes another blank in the sadly impoverished world of musical composition. The Viennese for the moment have other cares than those of the *Spieß* and the *Redouten-Saal*; but so long as they were the busily-mirthful people whom such tourists as live on the surface loved to visit, Strauss was one of their kings and rulers; the *Oberon* whose last new *Walzer* could set every one a dancing—old men and matrons, boys and girls,—let them be ever so sulky, let them have dined "ever so much." There was an intoxication about the whole exhibi-

tion which even the cold-blooded and thoughtful found it hard to resist. Of all the disciplined orchestras which we have ever heard, his was perhaps the most beautifully under discipline. Not only did the eyes of its members never stray from their work,—not only did their hands and lips move like those of one person, so precise was their unanimity,—but their spirits never appeared to tire under the influence of the bow which he wielded for *bâton*. As conductor of a band, his skill, life, and energy were as the pure gold to Musard's silver-gilt or Julien's pinchbeck; and whatever precedence may be due to Lanner in his own land, it is certain that Strauss was the first of his class whose name won an European reputation. This was largely ascribable to his genius as a composer; for genius it was,—as such to be rated, respected, and regretted by all who recognize perfection whatever be its form. The flowing melodies of his best waltzes were deliciously sweet and unaffectedly natural: not always without a strain of pensiveness which enhanced the interest of the dance-tune by giving it a shade of expression. His use, too, of broken rhythms and unexpected modulations was new, piquant, and excellent in its variety; and there are few of his waltzes (or, to speak more precisely, series of waltzes,) in which contrast of key, instrumental effect and form of passage—suspense followed by satisfaction and climax of interest,—are not carried to that height of complete finish which entitles him to a place not among the ephemera, but among the inventors, in music. Harassed and gloomy as are the Viennese at this moment, the decease of their friend and playfellow of so many carnivals' standing is said to have excited a hearty interest, picturesquely shown. The body of the deceased was laid out in state,—and beside the coffin the unstrung violin. Herr Strauss is said to have died a poor man: this seems strange.

The news from Paris is contradictory. Correspondents who should know assure us that it is by no means improbable that the Italian Opera may not open this winter. Contemporaries announce the engagement there of—Mlle. Cruvelli!—a measure little likely to restore the golden days of the theatre. The new opera by MM. Scribe and Halévy, on a fairy story, is said to have been brilliantly successful at the *Opéra Comique*, with Madame Ugalde as its heroine.—M. Auber's five-act opera with the puzzling title of 'L'Enfant Prodigue' is in rehearsal at the *Académie*, and will be shortly forthcoming. Meanwhile, we believe, that 'Le Prophète' is to be resumed on Monday next, the 15th,—that 'Les Huguenots' is to be studied afresh, with M. Roger and Madame Viardot Garcia in the principal characters,—and that the lady will probably appear in a French version of 'Norma' during the winter.

Among theatrical changes of interest we may advert to the appearance of Mr. Wigan at the Princess's Theatre,—where, also, that clever and rapidly rising actress, Miss Saunders, of the *Marylebone Theatre*, is engaged. It seems generally understood that no musical effort of any great importance will be made this winter. Those, therefore, who have run through the chime of complaints against opera as the "interposing medium" betwixt legitimate drama and profitable sympathy have now a fair field. Let us hope that they will cultivate it well: but it must be by new methods, and not the hackneyed receipts of ancient science.

The well-known actress Mrs. Orger died at Brighton on the 2nd of October, in the sixty-second year of her age. She was an annuitant on the Drury Lane Fund to the extent of 120*l.* a year.—Our older readers will recollect her as an excellent performer in low comedy.

In Paris, a most inflammatory drama, with the title of 'Rome,' has just been prohibited at the *Théâtre Porte St. Martin*, in consequence of its performance having given occasion to some disturbances. Its performance, in truth, would never have been permitted, if we are to believe report, had not the Government wished to avail itself of so forcible an illustration of the necessity of a censorship at a time when a total re-arrangement of theatrical affairs in France, including the abolition of all monopolies, is on the tapis.

The Continental papers announce the death, near Leipsic, at the age of eighty-four years, of one of the greatest of German actors, Madame Sophie

Schroeder. Madame Schroeder was a Prussian by birth,—and belonged to a family of illustrators of the German stage. Her father was M. Burger, an actor of distinction,—her husband acquired for himself the title of the German Talma,—and her daughter, in whose arms she expired, is the celebrated singer Madame Schroeder-Devrient. Madame Schroeder made her first appearance at Prague; and after her marriage achieved a series of triumphs, in the parts of *Medea*, *Phedra*, *Merope*, *Sappho*, *Lady Macbeth*, and *Jeanne de Montfaucon*, on all the great stages of Germany. The Emperor Francis is said to have conferred on her an honour never before or since bestowed on any dramatic artist in Germany. He had her painted in several of the scenes of each of her greatest parts,—and deposited the series of portraits in the Imperial Museum of Vienna, to serve as models for the young dramatic artists of Germany throughout all time.

MISCELLANEA

Supply of Water to London.—It will be remembered that at the end of last year a plan was propounded for bringing water to London from the River Thames, at Henley, promising to ensure to every inhabitant of the metropolis an unremitting supply of this all-important desideratum within his own house. The opposition was manifold, and the bill was lost on the second reading. The promoters of that bill have, it seems, resolved on a fresh attempt, modifying their scheme so as to get rid of some of the opponents, and they propose to place the management of the undertaking in the hands of a representative commission. Water is to be brought from Henley by means of an aqueduct (not a canal, as at first intended), and to be delivered into a reservoir at Hampstead, high enough to supply the loftiest buildings, and extinguish fires without engines. We are not at this moment in a position to assert that their plan for supplying London with pure water is the best suggested, but we do say that the importance of the object is such, the necessity for water is so great and paramount, that the proposal ought to receive the most candid and careful consideration. When it is known that at the present moment there are 70,000 houses in London, containing not less than 500,000 inhabitants, which have no water supplied to them from any one of the eight great water companies which exist, further argument must be unnecessary. All London ought to cry as loudly as if next door were on fire—"Water! Water!! water!!"—*Builder*.

Milton's Widow.—Your Correspondent, who has written two papers in your valuable Journal respecting Elizabeth, the third wife of our great poet, Milton, seems not to be aware that the sermon preached at the funeral of that lady was afterwards printed in a volume of Sermons by Mr. Isaac Kimber, Esq. 1746. It is the 18th sermon in the volume, and entitled, 'The Vanity and Uncertainty of Human Life, a Sermon preached at the Funeral of Elizabeth, the Third Wife of John Milton,—March 10, 1726.' In a foot note it is stated that "she was the relict of the great author of *Paradise Lost*, who attended our author's ministry." Either your correspondent is wrong in his date of her death, or this is a typographical error. Mrs. E. Milton attended as one of the congregation at the General Baptist Chapel at Nantwich. Mr. Samuel Aetson was for a long period the pastor; and he was the person referred to by your Correspondent as her executor. He was a considerable man in his day among the Baptists. I have nine of his publications in my possession. Mr. Isaac Kimber was his assistant in the ministry at Nantwich for three years; during which time he preached the sermon referred to. He afterwards removed to London. He published many books,—chiefly historical; amongst them 'An Abridged History of England,' which met with a large sale,—and a 'Life of Oliver Cromwell.' His son, Edward Kimber, published the volume of *Sermons*,—and is known by his 'Baronetage,' &c. I am, &c.

JAMES READ.

Curious Discovery.—In removing one of the old almshouses of the Livery Dole, at Heavitree, near Exeter, a curious discovery has been made, illustrative of the practice of fire and faggot in the early days of Henry VIII. It is the remnant of the stake to which Bennet the schoolmaster was tied in 1531,—of which burning for heresy an account is given by Hoker, first Chamberlain of Exeter; his crime was, denying the divinity of the Virgin Mary and denouncing transubstantiation. "Bennet (or Bennet), the Torrington schoolmaster, was tied up in a neat skin (cow skin), and burnt with all the fuzze and faggots the parish of Heavitree could then supply. One of the Carews burnt his beard with a

blazing brand." The stake found is of elm, slightly charred; and there has also been found the iron ring which went round the apex of the stake, into which a stout staple, clamp, or bolt, somewhat in the guise of a ship's anchor, with transverse prongs or flukes, was inserted, having a ring or circular hole at the top, through which the chain went which confined the sufferer to the fatal tree. These relics are to be deposited at the Institution.—*Western Luminary*.

The Chief Libraries of Europe.—If the principal libraries of the several capital cities of Europe be arranged in the order of their respective magnitudes they will stand as follows.—

	Vols.
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2. Munich, Royal Library	600,000
3. Petersburg, Imperial Library	446,000
4. London, British Museum Library	435,000
5. Copenhagen, Royal Library	412,000
6. Berlin, Royal Library	410,000
7. Vienna, Imperial Library	313,000
8. Dresden, Royal Library	300,000
9. Madrid, National Library	290,000
10. Wolfenbüttel, Ducal Library	290,000
11. Stuttgart, Royal Library	187,000
12. Paris (2), Arsenal Library	180,000
13. Milan, Brera Library	170,000
14. Paris (3), St. Genevieve Library	150,000
15. Darmstadt, Grand Ducal Library	150,000
16. Florence, Magliabechian Library	150,000
17. Naples, Royal Library	150,000
18. Brussels, Royal Library	133,500
19. Rome (1), Corsini Library	130,000
20. Hague, Royal Library	100,000
21. Paris (4), Mazarine Library	100,000
22. Rome (2), Vatican Library	100,000
23. Parma, Ducal Library	100,000

The chief University libraries may be ranked in the following order.—

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4. Tübingen, University Library	200,000
5. Munich, University Library	200,000
6. Heidelberg, University Library	200,000
7. Cambridge, Public Library	166,724
8. Bologna, University Library	150,000
9. Prague, University Library	130,000
10. Vienna, University Library	115,000
11. Leipzig, University Library	112,000
12. Copenhagen, University Library	110,000
13. Turin, University Library	110,000
14. Louvain, University Library	105,000
15. Dublin, Trinity College Library	104,239
16. Upsal, University Library	100,000
17. Erlangen, University Library	100,000
18. Edinburgh, University Library	90,854

—Daily News.

Port Phillip Gold Field.—The Port Phillip *Argus* says, "the gold finding affair" in Australia Felix is as much a reality as is the famous Burra Burra. Respecting the Port Phillip gold field, Mr. P. Roberts, of Agrove, Van Diemen's Land, writes in the following terms to the *Launceston Examiner*.—"From communications, I have no doubt of the existence of perhaps the richest gold mine in the world at Port Phillip. It at present appears to be a diluvial deposit, aided by an upheaving of the earth. How long this gold mine has existed it would be folly to surmise, but the lapse of ages must have occurred since the formation of the Pyrenees; and it follows, the washings of the mountains must have caused at the foot of mountains very considerable deposits. I believe the gold at California was discovered by the cutting of a mill-dam by a gentleman named Sutter; and I have been told on good authority, that the gold deposits at California are seven or eight feet from the surface,—and it is said the whole surface is diluvial. Will it, therefore, not be wise in some of the settlers living at the foot of the Pyrenees to bore some ten to twenty feet? Why should not Port Phillip have beds of gold dust as extensive as California, since gold has been found in pieces as large as from one to fourteen and a half ounces? I copy this weight from a letter from a gentleman who says he has had the pieces in his hand, and that one individual had procured as much as eight pounds! Should alluvial deposits of gold exist there, Port Phillip may expect to become densely peopled. The borings of the deposits will soon prove whether or not gold has been washed down."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—REV. G. C. S.—Walmer—E. J.—Incipiens—F. H.—H. V.—received.

A. P. is thanked. We will make some use of his communication.

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